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# Tatler

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2s. 22 Feb. 1961

DESIGN:

*cult into establishment*





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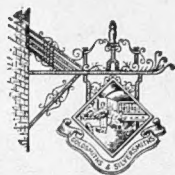
THE TATLER & Dystander 22 February 1961

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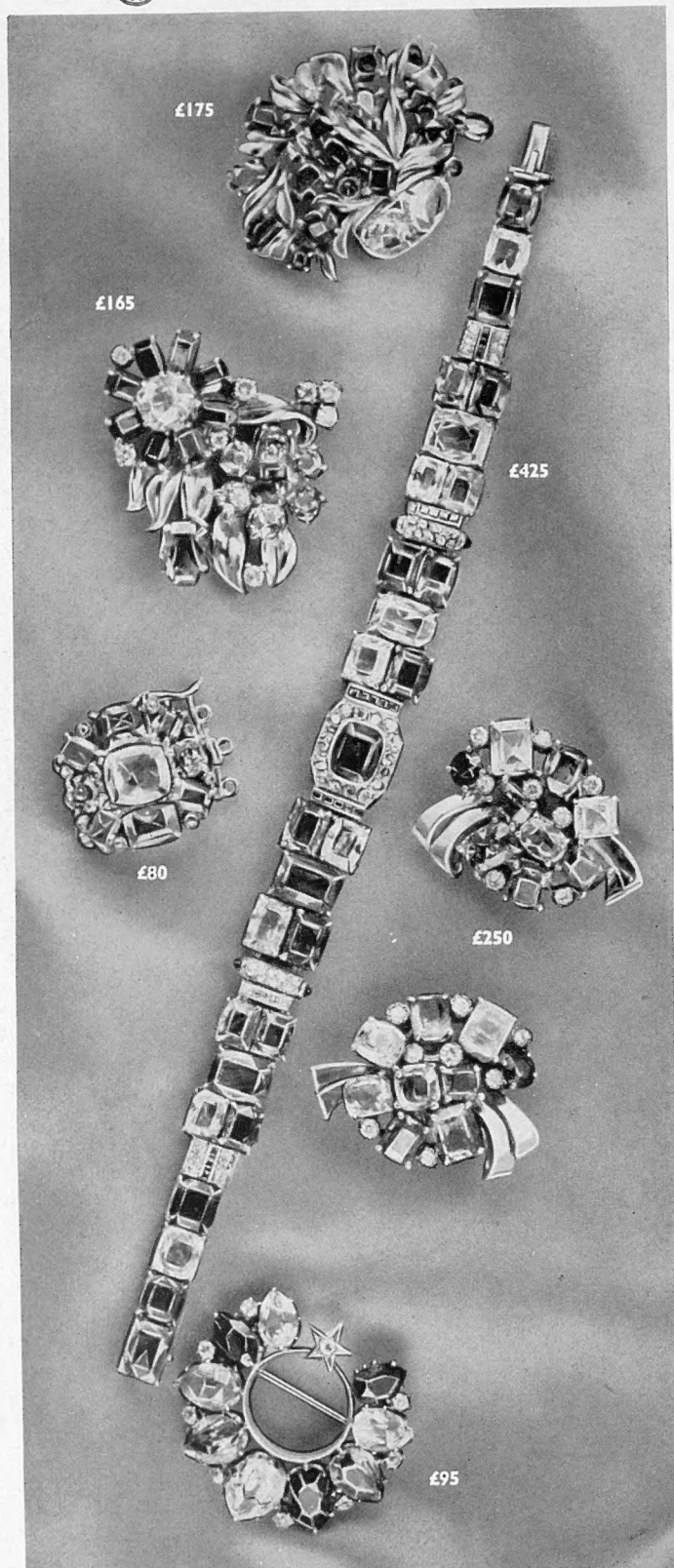
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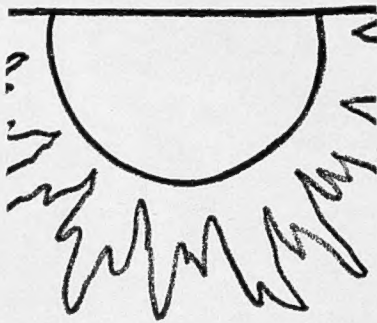
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*sleepily*

*seventh-heavened . . .*



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*of the sun . . .*

*So calypso-*

*lovingly*

*lost in the*

*most luxurious*

*laze*

*of our lives*



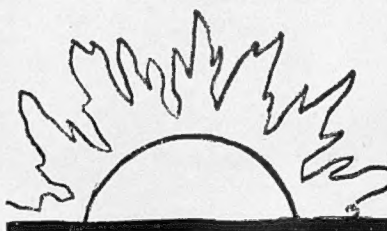
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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXIX Number 3104

22 FEBRUARY 1961

	Page
GOING PLACES:	336
<i>Going places late</i> Douglas Sutherland	338
<i>Going places to eat</i> John Baker White	338
<i>Going places abroad</i> by Doone Beal	339
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES	
<i>The Queen in Pakistan</i>	
by Muriel Bowen	346
<i>Winter Gala in Monte Carlo</i>	
photographs by Tom Hustler	348
<i>First point-to-points</i>	350
<i>The Cresta Ball in St. Moritz</i>	
photographs by Brodrick Haldane	366
FEATURES:	
<i>Design: cult into establishment</i>	
by Henry Awbry	
with photographs by Lewis Morley	341
<i>What for breakfast?</i>	
by Hector Bolitho	352
<i>Poetry backs 'em in</i>	
photograph by Alan Vines	353
LORD BRACKEN	356
FASHION <i>The Italian Collections</i>	357
COUNTER SPY	364
VERDICTS:	
<i>Plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	368
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	369
<i>books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	370
<i>records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	370
<i>Galleries</i> by Robert Wraight	371
GOOD BOOKS <i>Double take</i>	372
DINING IN by Helen Burke	373
MAN'S WORLD by David Morton	374
MOTORING by Gordon Wilkins	376
OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES	377
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	378

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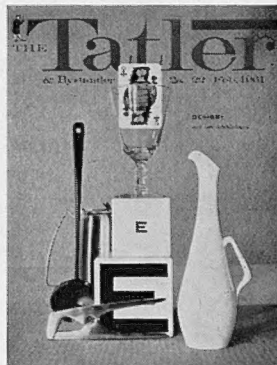
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## THE MEN BEHIND THE SHAPES

THIS week's cover, an unusual one for The Tatler, presents a set of objects picked at random from the Design Centre, which has only been open five years but has already done much to popularize thoughtful modern design. In the tradition of the Prince Consort, who was the inspirer of the Great Exhibition, the Design Centre and its parent body the Council of Industrial Design owe much to royal patronage. The latest example is Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones's recruitment, which—it is argued in an article this week—virtually completes the sequence of *Design: cult into establishment*. Some of the personalities who dominate the small but influential circle of design are presented in accompanying photographs by Lewis Morley (page 341 onwards). . . . Another item from the design front consists of photographs, now released, of the new Italian couture collections. Some of the clothes will shortly be available at London stores (page 357). . . .

At this time of the year, social news is largely made abroad and three reports in this issue reflect it. People at the Winter Gala in Monte Carlo are photographed by Tom Hustler (page 348), and at the Cresta Ball in St. Moritz by Brodrick Haldane (page 366). Then there is the royal tour, the progress of which in Pakistan is described by Muriel Bowen (page 346). Back in England it's the season of point-to-points again, and two of the first meetings are photographed on page 350. . . .

The cover:



The white bone-china oil or vinegar jug is from the Spode "Apollo" dinner service which won the Duke of Edinburgh's Award last year. Other items: "Comedia" playing cards from Thos. De La Rue. Salad server in lignum vitae by David Gilbert, Isle of Arran. Stainless steel nutcracker, designed by Robert Welch, and water jug from stainless steel tea set, by J. & J. Wiggins of Walsall. Oculists' cubes from Stercks Martin, New Cavendish Street, W.1. "Merrymaker" glass by United Glass, distributed by Johnson & Jorgensen. Photograph by PRISCILLA CONRAN

Next week: The French Collections. . . .





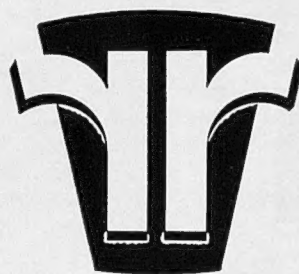
by

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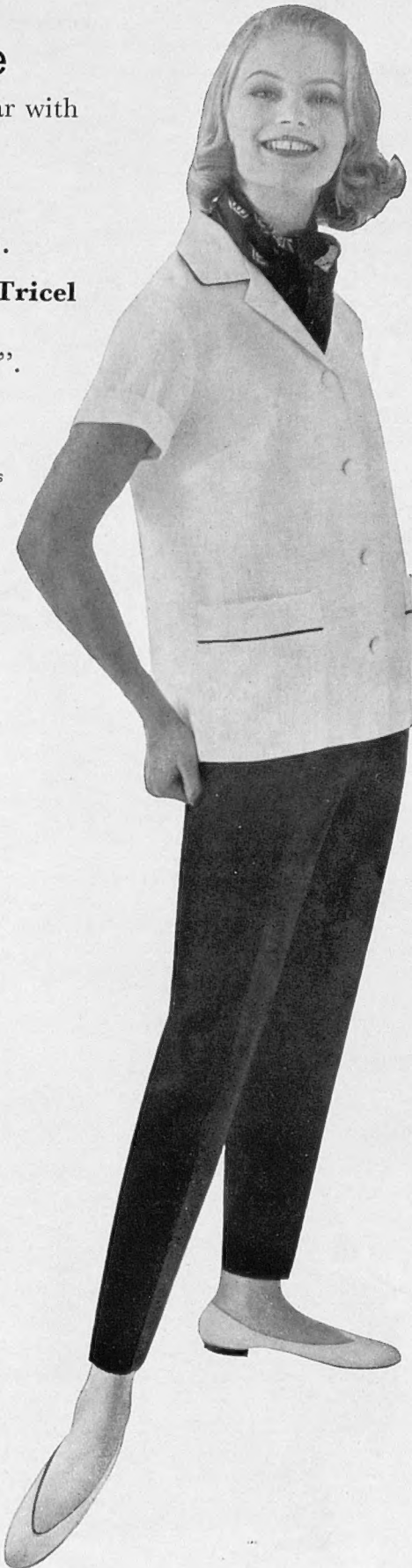
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FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

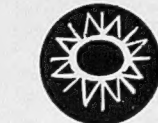
# alsace lorraine vosges

**RESORTS & SPAS**—Vittel, Contrexéville, Gérardmer, Longemer, Les Trois Epis.

**'ART CITIES'**—Strasbourg, Nancy, Colmar, Epinal.

**CENTRES OF INTEREST**—Metz, Verdun, Mulhouse.

**PICTURESQUE VILLAGES**—Ribeauvillé, Riquewihr, Guebwiller.



Heavily mantled in their evergreen trees, the Vosges mountains link Alsace to Lorraine in this eastern part of France, where to linger is such a joy. For some, the magnet will be Gérardmer, magnificent lakeside resort in a sylvan setting—for others, Nancy, enchanting survival of an age of perfect elegance—or Strasbourg, ancient Cathedral City, yet the modern capital of Europe—for others still, the ancient villages, timbered houses and quiet inns of the Wine Road of Alsace. Indeed, the connoisseur will find there a hundred other equally valid reasons for dalliance.

Consult your travel agent and for colourful booklet and hotel list write

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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL

**Concert** at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m., 23 February, in aid of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind, attended by Princess Alexandra of Kent. Tickets 5s. to 42s., from Chappell & Co., New Bond St. (MAY 1177.)

**Point-to-points**, 25 February, Sandhurst & Staff College, Tweseldown, Aldershot; Newmarket & Thurlow, Moulton; North Ledbury, Colwall Park; Oxford University, Wroughton.

**Dress Show** in St. James's Place (attended by the Duchess of Kent), 28 February, arranged by members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, in aid of the Edwina Mountbatten Trust. Tickets, preview (6 p.m.) 5 gns., main event (9.30 p.m.) 10 gns. from Mrs. Wheeler, 38 Chester St., S.W.1. (SLO 3674.)

**The Cardinals' Ball**, Cambridge, 10 March. Tickets, apply Mr. D. Curwen, Secretary, The Cardinals, St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. **Springtime Ball**, 23 March, at the May Fair Hotel (attended by the Duchess of Gloucester) in aid of the Charterhouse Rheumatism Clinic. Tickets £2 12s. 6d. (including dinner) from Mrs. Ronald Ferguson, 54/60 Weymouth St., W.1. (WEL 1264.)

## SPORT

**Race meetings**: Southwell, Wincanton, 23; Kempton Park, 24, 25; Chepstow, Wetherby, 25; Plumpton, 27; Wolverhampton, 27, 28 February.

**Rugby**: Scotland v. Ireland, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, 25 February; England v. France, Twickenham, 25 February.

**Squash**: Scotland v. Ireland, Edinburgh, 24 February.

**Trout fishing** starts, 1 March.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Fidelio*, 7.30 p.m., 24 February (first perf. of season), also 27 February, 4 March; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 25 February, *La Bohème*, 1 March (last perfs. of season); *Madame Butterfly* (in Italian), 3 March. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Les Deux Pigeons*, *Veneziana*, tonight & 28 February; *Les Deux Pigeons*, *La Fête Etrange*, 23 February. All 7.30 p.m.

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. *Tannhäuser*, 7 p.m. tonight; *Ariadne In Naxos*, 23 February, 4 March; *Barber Of Seville*, 24 February; *Katya Kabanova* (last perf. of season), 25 February; *Eugene Onegin*, 2 March; *The Marriage Of Figaro*, 3 March. All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

**Royal Festival Hall**. Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, by B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, 8 p.m., tonight; Berlioz' *Roman Carnival* overture, and Brahms's first piano concerto, by London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Harry Blech, with Julius Katchen (piano), 8 p.m., 23 February; London Symphony Orchestra in Hindemith's *Concert Music for Brass & Strings* and *Das Marienleben* song cycle, cond. by the composer, also Bruckner's Third Symphony, 8 p.m., 24 February. (WAT 6191.)

## ART

**Royal Academy Winter Exhibition**, "The Age of Charles II," Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

**The Treasures Of Trinity Exhibition**, with the Book of Kells, at Burlington House, to 5 March, in aid of Trinity College, Dublin, Library Extension Fund.

**Toulouse-Lautrec**, at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 15 March. City of London Art Exhibition, Guildhall Art Gallery, E.C.2, to 4 March.

**Royal Society Of Painters, Etchers & Engravers Exhibition**, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 17 March.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Forgeries & Deceptive Copies**, British Museum. To March. (See Galleries, page 371.)

**Textbook Design Exhibition**, National Book League, Albemarle St., to 28 February.

## FESTIVALS

**Redcliffe Festival of British Music** concerts, Leighton House, Kensington, 28 February (also 7, 14 March). **St. Pancras Arts Festival**, St. Pancras Town Hall, 25 February to 25 March.

## AUCTION SALES

**Christie's**. Jewels, today; French & other Continental furniture, 23 February; Pictures & drawings of the 19th century, 24 February; English & Continental porcelain, pottery & glass, 27 February; English & Continental gold, enamel & hardstone boxes, 28 February. All 11 a.m. (TRA 9060.)

## FIRST NIGHTS

**The Old Vic**. *Romeo & Juliet*, tonight. **Duke of York's**. *The Connection*, tonight.

**Princes**. *King Kong*, 23 February. **Royal Court**. *The Changeling*, 23 February.

## THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 368.

**Masterpiece**. "... the authors have nothing much in the way of finesse ... one cannot call the result a disaster, but potentially good narrative material comes out as dull

entertainment ... only one scene in the play really lives." Anton Walbrook, Margaret Johnston, Arnold Marle. (Royalty Theatre, HOL 8004.)

**Ondine**. "... a haunting theatrical experience ... Mr. Hall understands perfectly how the mind of the author works ... he uses a style of mock-Gothic splendour which suits both the world of the water spirits and the knight-errant's Germany." Leslie Caron, Richard Johnson, Sian Phillips. (Aldwych Theatre, Stratford company, TEM 6404.)

**Irma La Douce**. "... innocent absurdity ... a fine Gallic relish for parallels between the behaviour of the good and that of the bad ... the music grows better and better all the while." Denis Quilley, Shani Wallis, Joe Melia. (Lyric Theatre, GER 3686.)

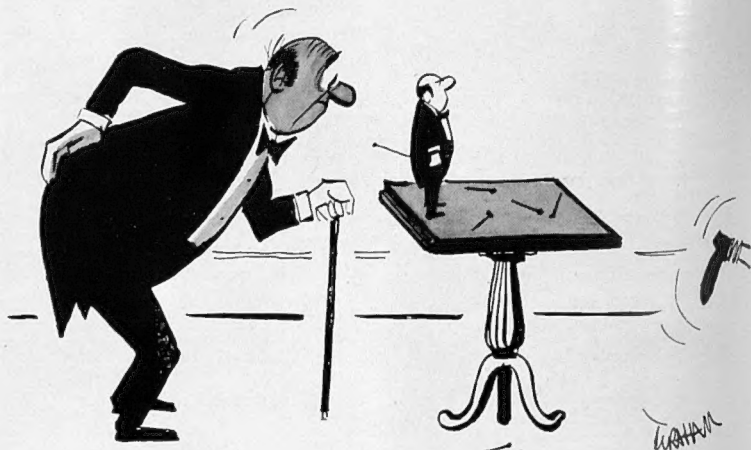
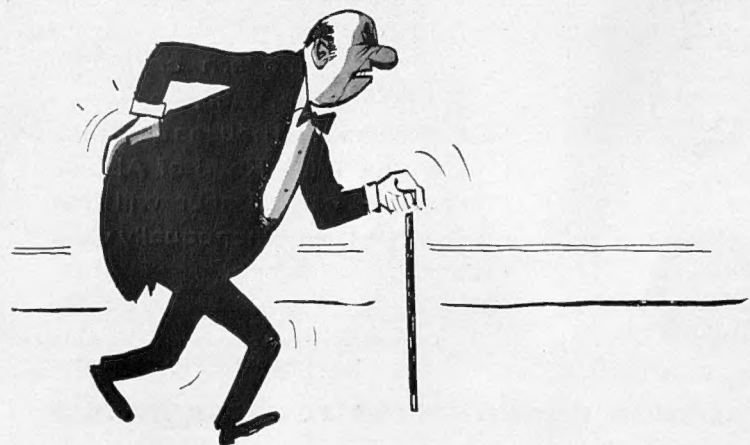
## CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 369.

G.R. = General release

**Under Ten Flags**. "... Captain Rogge, who commands a heavily armed German raider, is made a benign father-figure ... I cannot accept as admirable the men who tacitly supported Hitler's atrocities, and I am heartily sick of seeing Hollywood handing out halos to them." Van Heflin, Charles Laughton, Mylene Demongeot. G.R. **The Wackiest Ship In The Army**. "... the trouble is it starts as slapstick and ends up solemn ... small decrepit sailing ship manned exclusively by morons, carries out a dangerous mission successfully. And that, we are told, is how our side came to beat the Japanese in the Bismarck Sea battle. Hmm! I have my doubts." Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson, Patricia Driscoll. G.R. **The Great Impostor**. "... the weakness of the film lies in the fact that the hero is made to seem essentially a selfless do-gooder: impostors, in my experience, are never quite that." Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien, Arthur O'Connell. G.R.

## BRIGGS by Graham







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& Mason**

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181 Piccadilly, London, W.1. REGent 8040



## GOING PLACES LATE

## Meetings at the Summit

Douglas Sutherland

MOST POPULAR EVENING RESORT FOR tycoons is, I find, the Colony Restaurant in Berkeley Square. They are fairly thick on the ground at lunchtime too, taking time off probably from the latest take-over bid, discussing a lightly done *ris de veau* (*financière* of course). At night the assembly includes a proportion of top advertising men entertaining top clients and there is also a slight leaven of stage folks. But don't be alarmed by the high financial rating of the Colony's clientele; prices cannot be said to be cheap but they are by no means outrageous and the food is excellent. Big assets at the Colony, by the way, are *maitre d'hôtel* Della, surely the doyen of such functionaries, and Ernest, who runs the restaurant.

My visit to the Colony the other day happily coincided with the return from a Bermuda holiday of proprietor Harry Morris who tells me that as a result of a stop-over in New York on the way home we may expect big new developments at the Colony shortly. Meanwhile you can see Bryan Blackburn and

Peter Reeve there in the closing week of their successful four-week cabaret run. Bryan is better known as the producer of lavish night club shows at places like Winston's Club but his performance in the Colony cabaret distinguishes him as a polished entertainer in his own right. Ron Moodie, who plays Fagin in the hit musical *Oliver!*, takes over next week.

Just around the corner from the Colony is another rendezvous for big business men in the new Persian Room at Louis Scott's Empress Club. Mr. Scott is pretty much of a tycoon himself, he owns a bank among other convenient items. The Persian Room is a club specializing in good food served in an atmosphere of quiet luxury under the direction of Alan Carr who has just returned from a trip to Italy to set up an Italian fortnight on the lines of the successful French fortnight he ran in the club for charity last year. He is importing famous Roman chef Alfredo for the occasion and flying over eight Italian models to show the entire Schuberth fashion collec-

tion for the first three days of the fortnight. Alan Carr believes that good food should not be spoiled by being fitted in between dances so he allows no dancing before 10 p.m. Thereafter a supper dance continues until 2.30 a.m. which is becoming very popular with the younger set.

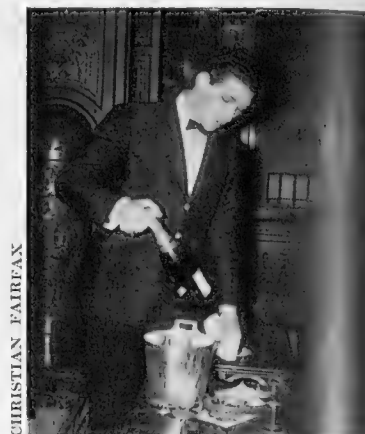
There is no cabaret at the Empress unless you count Fred at the door who manages to perform the multifarious duties of major domo with a Jeeves-like efficiency and conduct a running commentary on life in general which somebody ought to record sometime. Specialities at the Persian Room range from *Côte de Boeuf Cecilia* at 42s. 6d. for two to *Potage Bula Bula* at 6s. 6d. This soup—half cream of peas, half turtle, served with fresh cream on top and glazed is quite something.

The Gargoyle is, of course, one of the oldest night clubs in London. Originally started as a political *thé-dansant* club to further the cause of Liberalism, it enjoyed an exclusive reputation as a refuge for late-night-minded intellectuals and artists. The Gargoyle was then owned by the Hon. David Tennant and one of the star attractions was his wife Hermione Baddeley.

New owners Jimmie Jacobs and Maurice Klinger cater for a rather different clientele, although some of

the old gang are still to be seen around looking, if I mistake not, a trifle bewildered.

I am sorry I have only got around to the Gargoyle Club in time to report that this is the last week of Ray Alan who is quite the funniest and technically the most expert ventriloquist I have heard. Well worth a visit for him alone.



CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX

KNOW YOUR BARMAN—6. Les Ambassadeurs: *Eight years ago Brian Morris got his first job here as a boy. He is now head barman—something of a success story. He serves champagne mostly, but prefers whisky sour himself. A Londoner, he manages to give each customer personal and undivided attention, even at the busiest times*

## GOING PLACES TO EAT

## Expertise in Kensington

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**De Vere Hotel**, De Vere Gardens, Kensington (KNI 0051). Mr. Robert Lush has made this hotel a place of charm. The new dining-room, quiet and dignified, is delightful, and the food is good. The wine list is marked also by his expert knowledge, and he considers that the most interesting wine is a 1955 Chateaufort du Pape, *Blanc*, at 22s.

**Royal Court Theatre Club**, Sloane Square. C.S. (SLO 2669.) For those who want to dance late, and eat and drink well in pleasant surroundings and company, without having to see their bank manager in the morning, membership of this club is about the best bet in London. Entrance fee £1 1s., subscription the same amount, and no guest fees. Mr. Clement Freud maintains a high standard of cooking, and the wines are good, especially the hocks. Prices of both are most reasonable by late-night standards. The band is good and the entertainers witty. Prior application for membership is essential. W.B.

**The Carvery**, Regent Palace Hotel. (REG 7000.) Open Monday-Saturday 12.15-2.30 p.m. and Monday-Friday evenings inclusive 5.30-8 p.m. C.S. Here you carve for yourself from a selection of top quality joints. The other two courses, in a meal that costs 12s. 6d. at lunchtime, and with certain additional dishes 15s. in the evening, are excellent. This was a bold experiment which has paid off. The vegetables are among the best-cooked in London, and the small wine list is well chosen. W.B.

**George & Dragon Restaurant**, 256 Brompton Road. (KNI 2626.) C.S. Popular with travelled Americans and Europeans. No *à la carte* menu. The minimum for a meal is 30s., but this includes a selection of well-cooked dishes, with extra special hors d'oeuvres, and an excellent Continental cheese board. The far-from-cheap wines are well chosen to match the Austrian cooking. The bill for two, with wine, will be about £6. W.B.

**Great Western Hotel Restaurant**, Paddington. (PAD 8064.) In a part of London not famous for its gastronomic pleasures, this is a

restaurant after my own heart. A splendid cold table, with home-made pies and saddle of lamb, a fine array of cold fruits, not all out of tins, and not forgetting a baked custard. A good joint of meat on the trolley, on some days a boiled silverside. In short "English" food at its best, and first-class waiting too. There is an excellent wine list and admirable draught beer. Harsh critics of "railway cooking" would certainly revise their views after a visit.

**The Scholar Gypsy**, 119 Sydney Street, Chelsea. (FLA 2718.) C.S. Congratulations to Mrs. Irene Wood. I cannot think of anywhere in London where one can get a better cooked or more satisfying 3-course luncheon for 4s. 6d. Equally her *scampi Jerez à la crème* for 10s. 6d. is quite outstanding. The menu is not long, but every dish has character, including the *potage maison*. Take your own bottle or send across the road. W.B.

**Akropolis**, 24 Percy Street, W.1. (MUS 2289.) The *ouzo* and *retsina* are up to average, the *taramasalata*, served as it should be, well above it. So is the lamb *pilaff* and the coffee. It is, in fact, a small, comfortable, well-appointed restaurant concentrating on real Greek cooking at reasonable prices. An adequate meal costs about 20s. per head, a price that includes coffee but excludes wine.

**The Lion**, Farningham. Tel.: 2115.) Lying off the Folkestone road, just under 20 miles from London, this village is one of the better stopping places. At the Lion the beer is well-kept and the snacks at the bar home-made and good, matching the cooking in the dining-room. W.B. weekends.

## Taking the children

**Pier Hotel**, Seaview, Isle of Wight. (Seaview 2222.) It is comparatively rare for a hotel to say "children are welcome," but here they do, without any age restriction, and the staff make every effort to see that both children and parents are happy. The sea, with fine sands except at high tide, is 25 yards from the door, and the lovely view is enlivened by the constant passing of big ships. The food is well above the holiday hotel average, and prices reasonable. Inclusive terms 12 gns. to 20 gns. per week, depending on the month and room, with reduced terms for children.

**Hostellerie des Sept-Molles**, Sauve-terre-de-Cominges. This hotel also welcomes children and has a special *Parc des enfants*. In the foothills of the Pyrenees, about five miles from St. Gaudens, it lies in beautiful country. It is modern and well-appointed, and the food is excellent. Michelin gives it a rosette. For these reasons it is wise to ask for terms and book early.



## GOING PLACES ABROAD

*Talking Turkey*

Doone Beal

TO TRAVEL IN TURKEY, AT ANY rate during the winter, is to recapture the glamour, the discomfort, the romance and the atmosphere of the Grand Tour. To understand, in an age of painless package holidays, the point of hip flasks, Thermos flasks, astrakhan rugs and hot water bottles, a personal maid, smelling salts and the need for sign language (this was brought graphically home to me the night I found a mouse in my bedroom). Travelling a little lighter, at whatever time of year, I still commend a ready supply of cologne, Kleenex and flat shoes against the almost universally cobbled streets, and a dismay of Balkan plumbing. But Turkey is magnificent country for the true traveller, if perhaps unsympathetic to the conventional tourist. More than any other place I know, it must be taken on its own terms or not at all.

Leaving the comparative comfort of Istanbul (of which, more later) by ferry boat from Galata Bridge early one January morning, I remember sitting up on deck with cold feet, steaming tea and goats' cheese rolls, and above all, the vanishing beauty of Istanbul's mosques and minarets against a smoking flamingo sky as we sailed southwards between the shores of Europe and Asia, towards Yalova. When we arrived there, I got my first baptism of Turkey's semi-public transport system, the ubiquitous *dolmus*. A series of 1950 vintage Chevrolets were drawn up alongside the quay. The drivers were shouting their destinations like underground barkers for five different passengers to bargain together and share the taxi. This worked out quite cheaply, for we paid only about £1 a head for a 70-kilometre ride to Bursa. I was to see a good deal more of the mime of persuasion, reproach and feigned indifference which is practised by both parties when arranging the price for one of these long-distance taxis, because I made up my mind early on that by road was the only way to see the country. The distances are immense, and though the main cities are linked by air, the rewards of this sometimes staggeringly beautiful landscape are worth, in my opinion, some long stints on the road. To overfly them is to miss much of what Turkey has to offer.

Fortunately, one of the most beautiful and interesting drives links two of the most attractive areas: Izmir (Smyrna, of fig-box fame), on the Aegean coast, and Antalya, in the south. Leaving Izmir, the ancient city of Ephesus is on your way. It is one of the



loveliest and largest of its kind with its great white flagstones and its majestic colonnades. Excavations started some 15 years ago but about 75 per cent of the city remains to be discovered; village boys loiter, out of sight of the officials, with pockets-full of Byzantine and sometimes Roman coins which they will part with for a few pence.

One of the most comfortable places at which to stop for a meal is the railway restaurant at Aydin, on the main road to Antalya. It was near here that I saw the extraordinary sport of camel-wrestling. These creatures—surely the most absurdly supercilious-looking in the world—are specially bred for it, but it is a rare occasion because they only feel like fighting in January. They draw a vast crowd, and the wrestling is judged on points (foul play is prevented by a kind of lasso attached to the animals' fetlocks, and it takes 12 men apiece to drag them apart). Finally, the winner of the afternoon's heat is draped with a fancy rug and led away. I heard tell of one famous camel who knew the form so well that he refused to leave the arena at all until he had been so honoured.

Back to the road again, we broke the journey for the night at the

Pammukale motel, up in the mountains behind Denizli. Not that the motel is entirely the point; Pammukale is extraordinary. An open-air pool of natural hot springs lies at the base of an old Roman city, and just below it are what look like huge static waterfalls of lime deposit, which give it its name of "cotton wool castles." The pool itself still contains some fragmented Roman pillars and marble, among which one swims as the Caesars used to do. The whole setting is exotic beyond belief.

Antalya and its province is virtually the Andalusia of Turkey, though a good deal more primitive even than that. Beautiful, however, it certainly is, with a coastal landscape of an almost Himalayan, Shangri-la quality. The agreeable little market and fishing town of Antalya is the base from which to explore the coast eastward as far as Alanya. Above all, see Side, some 60 kilometres away. In an unself-conscious and careless magnificence, this ancient city tumbles down to a bland and lovely sweep of bay, backed by distant mountain peaks. One can explore the Roman theatre and the streets with only parsley-chewing cows and goats for company; no guides, no pedantry to pin

*Primitive, beautiful Antalya:  
The Fishermen's Bay, a base  
from which to explore the coast*

chapter and verse to every stone; then lie about on the beach and picnic and swim and dream the day away. I have no doubt that this coast will evolve into an Anatolian Riviera before the decade is out; it is warm enough to swim from April to December. In the meantime, you must put up with the primitive comfort, good food and most willing service of the Yayla Palace Hotel in Antalya. Never have I known a tabby cat produced so promptly in pursuit of a mouse (see first paragraph!). In Izmir, incidentally, one can stay in considerable luxury at the newly-built Kismet Hotel. Without mice.

Istanbul is on Pan American's round-the-world Boeing flight, with only two stops—Frankfurt and either Munich or Vienna between it and London, from which it is four and a half hours' flying time. Quite apart from the flight, I was impressed by Pan-Am's service at base, and by the facilities and help they offer to passengers in their care. Not least of which is co-operation in fixing up a long-distance taxi at fair Turkish, and not tourist, rates. They have an office in the Izmir Palace Hotel, Izmir, as well as Istanbul and Ankara. First-class fare is £143 return, Economy £112.



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# DESIGN

—cult into establishment

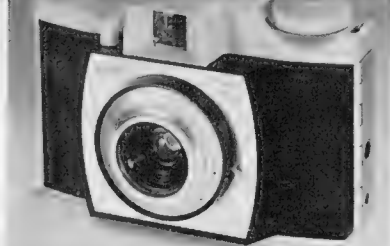
*Professor R. D. Russell, brother of Sir Gordon (see page 343), is one of the pioneers and first attracted notice with his astringent prewar Murphy radio cabinets. He is an R.D.I. and has been professor of furniture design at the Royal College of Art since 1948. He is seen at his desk there, with models of his students' work*

Ten years after the taste-shaking exhibition on the South Bank, the shape of things to come is the shape of things to hand. The design movement has penetrated commerce, overcome public prejudice, and earned the cachet of active royal patronage. HENRY AWBRY writes a progress report, LEWIS MORLEY photographs a gallery of design personalities

**I** WONDER what George Orwell would have said. It was he who, in a perceptive essay on the national characteristics of the English, gave first place to "artistic insensibility." He was writing before the design bug had bitten. The English had not yet become self-conscious about their way of life, and demobilized Servicemen were only too glad to get back to Maison Lyons, mock-Tudor, and the Moorish fancies of the Granada cinemas. It was a time when there was still a demand for prewar radios with fretwork sunsets across the loudspeaker opening. It was difficult to deny Orwell his point. There were a few curiosities about known as "industrial"

CONTINUED OVERLEAF





*Typical clean lines of Design Centre award-winners. The Brownie camera was designed in consultation with K. Grange, the bone-china baby set by Lord Queensberry and B. Blatch*



## DESIGN—cult into establishment CONTINUED

artists" who put a sanitary spoke in here and there, but they were still a mere cult when the Festival of Britain festooned the South Bank with unfamiliar shapes (swiftly derided) in 1951. Today, just ten years later, the cult has become an establishment. The unfamiliar shapes are not only familiar but beginning to be *passé*. The Queen has had a suite at Windsor done out in "contemporary." The Queen's husband endorses an annual award for good design, and gives another of his own. And now the Queen's brother-in-law does a nine-to-five desk job at the design establishment's HQ, the Council of Industrial Design. As for the one-time "industrial artists," most of the pioneers are now dignified with letters after their name: R.D.I. (Royal Designer for Industry).

The designer has arrived—and if it were the habit in England to put his name on his product, the way architects put plaques on their buildings on the Continent, you would keep on coming across the same small circle of names. A new P. & O. liner? Odds on that the decoration will be by Sir Hugh Casson (who did Windsor). A Comet airliner? Mrs. Gaby Schreiber will probably have had a hand in vetting the fittings. A shapely line in ovenware? Suspect Milner Gray or John & Sylvia Reid. An ambitious waiting room? Inevitably, Heals (and their Mr. Christopher).

Briefs pour in on the little circle of top designers as fast as on any leading Q.C., and they cover a much wider range of case. For the successful designer thrives on versatility. His model is Raymond Loewy, the French-born American who tackles anything from a Studebaker to a skin food jar (and is probably the most successful industrial designer in the world). Given the chance, an R.D.I. worth his initials will move in on a brewery, restyle its beer labels, change the colour schemes of its drays, rearrange its letterhead, replan the canteen, and refurnish the boardroom.

And the chance comes more often than might be supposed.



*Robin Darwin (right) is a painter who during his 13 years as Principal has made the Royal College of Art into the leading training college for industrial designers—turning out more of them than painters or sculptors. He insists on a wide university-like curriculum. With him is Professor Richard Guyatt, head of Graphic Design*

For managements are beginning to get the design message, and anyway what they still think of as the "Festival of Britain look" is good business prestige. It's even better if you can say that your packaging is by, say, F. H. K. Henrion, R.D.I., or your new premises by Professor Misha Black, R.D.I. You've gotta have style, and you can only be sure of getting it from one of the Council of Industrial Design's approved designers.

The showcase of these designers and their disciples—and the place where the official design message is on permanent exhibition—is right next door to Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones's new office: the Design Centre in Haymarket. Besides being "an exhibition of well-designed British goods" it is also an exhibition of the national art of compromise. For a start, a sizable number of the exhibits are not strictly British goods at all—business machines, electric razors, vacuum cleaners and so on, made to American designs by American subsidiaries in Britain. But under the rules, if it's made in Britain it's British. The visiting Italian business man—one of those encouraged by the Council to come and see the Centre—must be surprised when he consults the Design Index ("thousands of well-designed British goods") and comes across his familiar Olivetti.

Just as there is no guarantee that all the well-designed British goods are actually British, similarly there is no guarantee that all of them are well-designed. A suitcase that got a thorough panning in a test by the Consumer Advisory Council still remained on show months afterwards, Dr. Reyner Banham has just pointed out.

But when the Council is still eagerly seeking co-operation from manufacturers it must be hard to rebuff the volunteers by flinging their offerings back at them. And "volunteer" is the point. The Council may enjoy royal patronage but it can't throw its weight about like a Ministry—it can only suggest and invite. It may want to put on show an elegant

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ON PAGE 344



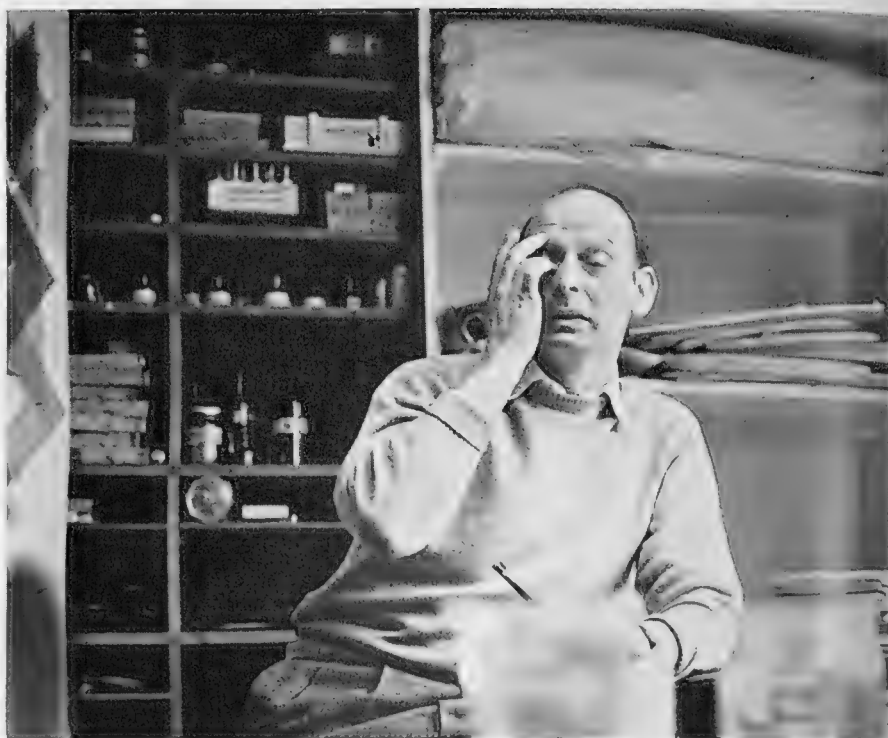


**Sir Gordon Russell, R.D.I.,** headed the Council of Industrial Design during its most fruitful years. Has also had a hand in Utility furniture, the Festival of Britain, the Arts Council, and most other official exercises in good taste. A great popularizer, has written, lectured and broadcast effectively about design, especially furniture, which is his speciality. His own firm dates back to the 'twenties





**James Gardner, R.D.I.,** designed the 1946 Britain Can Make It exhibition and the imaginative Festival Gardens at Battersea. More recently he headed the team responsible for the controversial British Pavilion at the Brussels World Fair, which many considered not so imaginative. Here he is seen at his office in Duke Street (where he is a near-neighbour of the Design Research Unit)



**Abram Games, R.D.I.,** is a poster designer of such force that his posters have rated one-man exhibitions in various foreign capitals. He did the reversible poster for Guinness ("5,000,000 a day") and has won this year's medal of the Society of Industrial Artists. Also as inventor, has devised a rapid copying machine

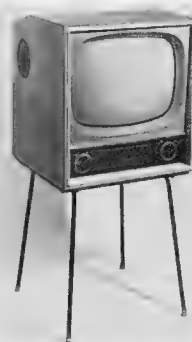
egg-timer it admires, but unless the maker is willing to submit it and to pay up to 12s. 6d. a day exhibition fee (towards the Centre's upkeep) the egg-timer can't be enrolled.

Such are the frustrations of being an advisory body—even a fashionable one. Perhaps the accession of Mr. Armstrong-Jones will add weight to the advice. His appointment should certainly prove valuable, and not only for the prestige. For he is a man of artistic instinct, some architectural training, and acknowledged achievement in his own related field. If manufacturers all set standards as painstaking as he did, the Council would be superfluous. Far from being a matter of finding a job for Princess Margaret's husband, it could well turn out that the design movement has found itself an unlooked-for reinforcement.

Not that the achievement to date is anything but admirable. Most of the exhibits at the Design Centre (which has only been open five years) are a credit to their makers and a clear proof of improving standards. There was little like them 20 years ago. You don't find plastic pepperpots with spiky ridges all over them any more. If you buy one of the new cookers you no longer have to cancel your engagements for a whole afternoon every time the thing needs cleaning. Nor does the bathroom have to be lumbered with porcelain plumbing of a solidity to match the Chiswick flyover. Basins and lavatory suites have acquired a slim elegance in the hands of imaginative newcomers like the Marquess of Queensberry (who democratically designs his toiletware as "David Queensberry"). As for that other kind of suite, the heavily upholstered three-piece, it is decrepit if it is not yet dead. Nobody could come away from the 1961 Furniture Exhibition aglow with pride, but at least it can no longer be said that good taste is something only the rich can afford.

## DESIGN—cult into establishment CONTINUED

The select set of designers mainly responsible for this happy transformation is of true establishment proportions. There are only 45 R.D.I.s, technically a faculty of the Royal Society of Arts, and a number of these are in effect only honorific rather than active. (There are also some honorary R.D.I.s, all foreigners like Loewy.) One step down comes the F.S.I.A. (Fellow of the Society of Industrial Artists), and there are only 167 of them. The Council of Industrial Design musters 28 members, but they aren't all designers, and several of those that are also belong to the R.S.A. or S.I.A. or both. Even counting in all the lesser designers there are probably not more than 3,000 all told—which means that they are outnumbered five to one by the country's architects, for example. Yet you can see the influence of this compact group everywhere. Abstract



More examples: This Pye TV set, styled by Robin Day, won a Design Centre award in 1957. So did the Olde Hall toastrack in 1958. It's in stainless steel and designed by Robert Welch. The Prestcold Packaway fridge, designed by C. W. F. Longman and Edward G. Wilkes, won the Duke of Edinburgh's Prize for Elegant Design in 1959





**Richard Lonsdale-Hands** was for years the best-known of the British school of industrial artists, and is probably the most successful. His team styled packaging for Daz and Drest, and Peek Frean biscuits. Now dividing his energies with advertising, he is chairman of Greenlys, where he is seen in the control room



**Professor Misha Black, R.D.I.**, often thought of as an exhibition designer, is equally at home designing the inside of a ship or the outside of an electric locomotive. And his steampans won a Design Centre award last year. He is senior partner in the Design Research Unit, a galaxy of design talent that also musters Milner Gray, past Master of the Faculty of R.D.I.s

posters in the tube (*"The Sunday Times . . . perceptive"*—period), factory-like fittings for the home, homely comforts for the factory—and the stamp of style, style, style.

Of course there's plenty of imitative rubbish too, and as in every artistic movement there's a share of downright chi-chi. Prices are asked for simple, sound machine-made sideboards, with a prestige name, that would send an old-time craftsman on holiday with his five children till next year's Furniture Exhibition. It may be, too, that the example of the Finns and the Swedes and the Danes—to say nothing of the exigencies of the export drive—has done much to make public taste more receptive. But as a nation there's no doubt that we've become more design-conscious, and the new design establishment must have its share of credit for the change. The Council of Industrial Design alone, with its exhibitions, its awards and its pamphleteering, has unquestionably played a substantial part in it all.

Nor does the new artistic awareness stop at things in the shops (or the displays in the windows). There was that rumpus over Mr. Jack Cotton's plan for Piccadilly Circus. There was the uprising in Little Venice against the local council's new lamp-posts. There's the Civic Trust, headed by Mr. Duncan Sandys, which busily persuades whole streets to have their frontages repainted to a harmonious colour scheme. Norwich and Stoke have succumbed (with stirring results), and Windsor is due to show its new face in May. As for Art with a capital A, it was never more okay socially, and popular interest was demonstrated last year when the Tate's Picasso exhibition proved a crowd-puller.

The difference amazes foreigners. The Italians have even given their annual "Golden Compasses" award to the Council of Industrial Design. Among the insensible English the designers have never had it so good. I wonder what George Orwell would have said.



## THE ROYAL TOUR

# The Queen in Pakistan

SO FAR as it affected parties, martial law in Pakistan was suspended for the **Queen & Prince Philip**. Two years ago **President Mohammed Ayub Khan** cracked down on Pakistani hostesses, and ordained that all parties where food is served, even in private houses, were to be limited to a maximum of 35 people. Husbands raised a cheer and said that there is nobody—never will be—like President Ayub. Wives sat and pondered how they could ever give their daughter a proper send-off without 2,000 guests on her wedding day. Only the most important of Government occasions were excepted, and now—with the royal visitors to entertain—the Pakistanis, who are among the best party givers in the world, have been letting themselves go. It's been like the rejoicings of Easter after the long days of Lent.

On the first evening of the royal tour President Ayub held a State Banquet on the lawns of the President House for 300 guests. They were sheltered by a giant red and black shamiana—the glamorized though not always practical Eastern version of the marquee. The Queen's dress was cleverly designed in Pakistani colours—white with panels lined with green—and with it she wore a tiara of emeralds set in loops of diamonds.

It was a night for emeralds, so many of them in fact that several women commented "*If I'd only worn my...*" The **Amir of Bahawalpur** (who was the most dressed up man at the Queen's coronation) was there with the **Begum**, whose necklace, ear-rings and brooch were *all* in emeralds. Mrs. **Yusuf Chinoy**, wife of the shipping magnate, and Mrs. **Ardeshier Cowasji**, wife of a business man, wore magnificent necklaces and ear-rings—emeralds again.

Next morning the Queen and Prince Philip on P.N.S. **Mujahid** sailed out past gaily festooned liners to review the fleet. Sailors lining the decks on each naval vessel raised their white hats high to the cry of "*Queen Elizabeth Sindabad (long live)!*"

I watched from my swivel chair (President Ayub uses it for deep-sea fishing) on board the motor launch **Princess Ann**. It was a wonderful

turnout—the Pakistan Navy can certainly turn on the spit and polish. After the review the Queen went on board P.N.S. **Tippu Sultan** (ironically named after the character who opposed British rule more vigorously than most). Before lunching with the fleet she met **Commodore A. P. W. Northey**, R.N., who commands the Pakistan Navy Flotilla, & Mrs. Northey, **Comdr. A. N. Simms**, R.N., who commands P.N.S. **Karsaz**, and **Capt. D. B. Law**, R.N., who commands H.M.S. **Loch Ruthven**.

## WET INTERLUDE

Another party. It was the Commonwealth High Commissioners' party and it fell on the day that the rains came—they only come to Karachi about six days a year. It was at this function that the poles holding up the huge shamiana in the garden tottered and fell, pinning more than 50 sari-clad women underneath. As guests left the party they were directed on their way by policemen holding umbrellas over their mud-spattered white uniforms.

*Riding school pupils paraded at the Lahore Show. Children's riding is popular in Pakistan but, unlike England, the sport is mostly for boys*



*The Nawab of Kalabag (left), Governor of West Pakistan, gave a banquet for the visitors. With them: President Ayub Khan and the Begum Yousuf*

BY MURIEL BOWEN

Urchins on the footpath hired out Wellington boots, three rupees a time, so that guests could navigate the flood water to their cars. Though most guests remained happy, the organizers looked frantic.

The Queen and Prince Philip spent several moments chatting to Mr. & Mrs. **Dick Henson** who have one of the loveliest houses in Karachi, which they designed themselves. The Prince remembered Mr. Henson from his last visit. **Lady (Roger) Thomas**, Mr. & Mrs. **D. Marriott Smalley**, Mr. & Mrs. **G. R. Stott** and **Brigadier A. A. N. Tuck**, the Military Adviser at the British High Commission; & Mrs. **Tuck** were others presented.

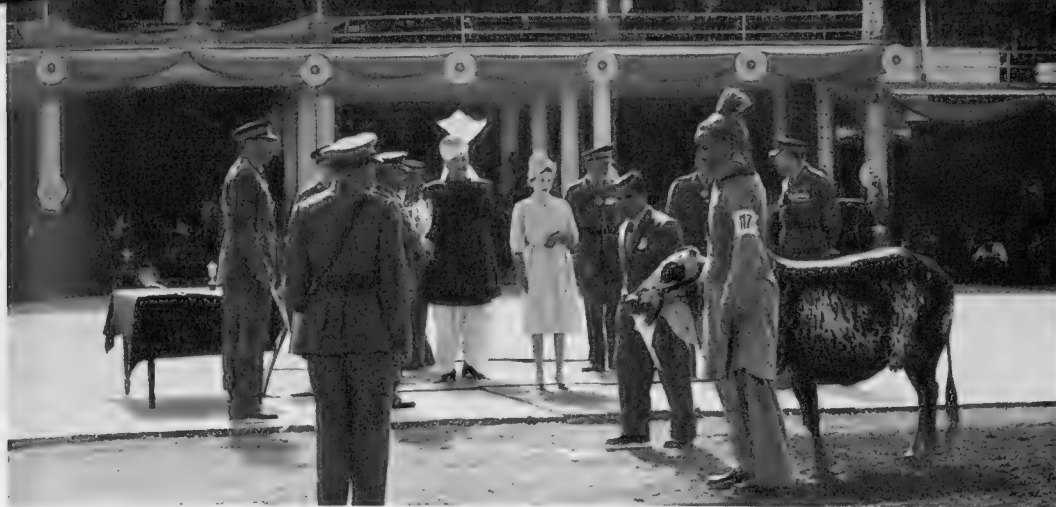
By the time we saw the sun again it was Lahore. The Queen stepped out of the popjet she was using into pale evening sunshine. In the thousands of miles flying in Pakistan the crowds have christened this B.O.A.C. **Britannia** "the flying palace." Its gleaming blue and silver fuselage is always spotted by them when it's little more than a slim arrow in the distance. The Queen, who always uses B.O.A.C. planes on her longer tours, chose the **Britannia** because it's the roomiest of the big commercial aircraft.

## HORSE SHOW IN LAHORE

In Lahore sport predominated. The first morning both the Queen & Prince Philip went to the horse and cattle show—and this is something where what Hollywood can do Lahore can do better. There was the ceremonial arrival of the Queen and the President (who is Sandhurst-trained) in a landau drawn by six browns and complete with a presidential escort of cavalry. Trumpeters heralded the procession but the Pakistanis were not leaving it at that. "*Give her a big hand*" shouted the man at the microphone.

The royal visitors were scarcely settled in their seats when out came their movie cameras. And no wonder. For into the huge brick stadium came dancing horses, fighting camels, and tent-pegging chaps from the villages in bright satin get-ups and enormous turbans. There was a parade of horses led by the stallion **Masai King**,





*The Queen & Prince Philip went with the Nawab of Kalabag (turbanned) to the Lahore Horse & Cattle Show. The Queen presented the prizes*

son of Big Game, which won the 2000 Guineas for King George VI, and a parade of magnificent cattle by farmhands whose uniforms were so colourful that they might have been left over from the Moguls. Topping it all off were 42 military bands—after all, the Pakistanis won the race contest at the Coronation.

Most people at the show don't know a forelock from a fetlock, but from scratch five years ago it has become Pakistan's great annual social occasion. It attracts a daily attendance of around 50,000!

I found my hosts in Sind, Rawalpindi and Lahore just as eager to talk cricket across the marital divide as if they were Englishmen born and bred. But unlike Englishmen they're flattered if you can't make an intelligent contribution to the conversation. "Men should always keep cricket above women," one of them told me. Mr. Ahmed Jaffer, businessman, yachtsman, and politician is now putting his enthusiasm into providing playing fields. He told Prince Philip: "The town planners in Pakistan have always thought about grave-

*North West Frontier tribesmen brought sheep as gifts. Arches lining the road were hung with royal photographs (though one featured Marilyn Monroe)*



yards—but I've told them if they thought more of playing fields they'd find that they didn't want so many graveyards after all." Mr. Jaffer is president of the National Playing Fields Association of Pakistan.

It was warm and sunny, like England in July, when the Queen went to the races in Lahore. Sir Alexander Symon, the High Commissioner, accompanied her to the paddock when she went to see the horses parade before the running of the Queen Elizabeth Cup. This is a silver gilt trophy which she presented to the racecourse authorities and which will now be run for annually over one and a half miles. Sir Alexander is a keen racing man himself, and having a wife whose horses have won both the Pakistan Derby and the Pakistan Oaks must be an asset for a diplomat in a country so devoted to equestrian sports.

When India was divided in 1947 all the main breeding establishments came to Pakistan, so there is an abundance of racehorses. There are more than 500 around Lahore, and stabling is so scarce that some horses live under canvas.

Two polo games were arranged for Prince Philip, and the army engineers had the ground fit for play after the heaviest rain Lahore has had for a long time. I watched the first of the games, when the Pakistan Polo Association's team in which Prince Philip played back had a runaway win over the Commander-in-Chief's team. It was a six-chukker match with some good open polo in the fourth and fifth chukkers, despite a slippery ground which brought two falls and several near misses.

The real joy of the game was to see the superb teamwork of the Baig brothers, Brigadier "Hesky" at No. 1 and Col. "Sikku" at 3 in the Pakistan Polo Association team. Sikku has never played in England but Hesky—whether he's playing those near-impossible shots at which he's so expert or providing humour from the commentator's box—is one of the great draws at Cowdray Park. Nowadays he's in the tobacco business, "selling the old cancer sticks, you know," but he hopes to get away for Cowdray by July, and next year to bring over the first Pakistan polo team (18 ponies and six players) ever to play outside Asia. As Hesky says: "It's worth a million rupees of free publicity to Pakistan if we do well."

Lt.-Gen. Mohammed Yousuf, whom I hadn't seen in action before and whose horsemanship



*Prince Philip with the team—Col. Mohammed Umar, Col. "Sikku" Baig, Brig. "Hesky" Baig—which twice beat the Army Commander-in-Chief's*

has style and polish, played three chukkers for the Commander-in-Chief's team. A very sporting performance, as being High Commissioner in London doesn't leave much time for stick and ball. His place in the other three chukkers was taken by Brigadier H. M. Effendi, whose comments when audible to spectators are extremely picturesque. Pakistani polo may not have the tactical artistry of the Indian game, but what it lacks in style it makes up with dash.

#### CHANGES TO COME

Since I was last here three years ago this young nation of high ambition, ancient customs and immense problems looks notably happier. About 4,000 local councils have been established as the first step towards restoring democratic government. Next step now is a new constitution. When I spoke to Mr. A. R. Cornelius, the Chief Justice, about it he thought the most likely pattern would be the American presidential system. Like Mr. Kennedy in the States, Mr. Cornelius is something of a surprise in Pakistan—he's a Roman Catholic and the first non-Muslim to be Chief Justice in an Islamic state.

I could not but notice the trouble the Pakistanis had taken to make the tour as comfortable as possible for the Queen. They made inquiries and found that she liked blue; so they introduced it into the colour schemes of all the houses she stayed at. They also discovered that she dislikes red and in their efforts to banish it they went so far as removing the red shades from the lamps in the billiard room at Government House, Peshawar. They said: "She might after all wander in to see the men in the party play." Then at Lahore they wanted to make her Sunday at Government House like a summer's day in England. They arranged an alfresco lunch under the trees by the lake and gave her a tiny dun pony and white basketwork phaeton to drive herself to it. Prince Philip was so intrigued by the pony cart that he drove himself back in it, and at a pace too that pony carts don't normally go!





*Maurice Chevalier sang among the dancers at the International Sporting Club. He starred in the *Nuit de Paris*—there was a can-can cabaret, too*

*Col. Geoffrey Darling with Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon*



*Late-night lights at the main Casino—many guests went on there*



# MAURICE AT





*Count Gicogka with Mme. Louis Chiron, whose husband runs the Monte Carlo Rally*



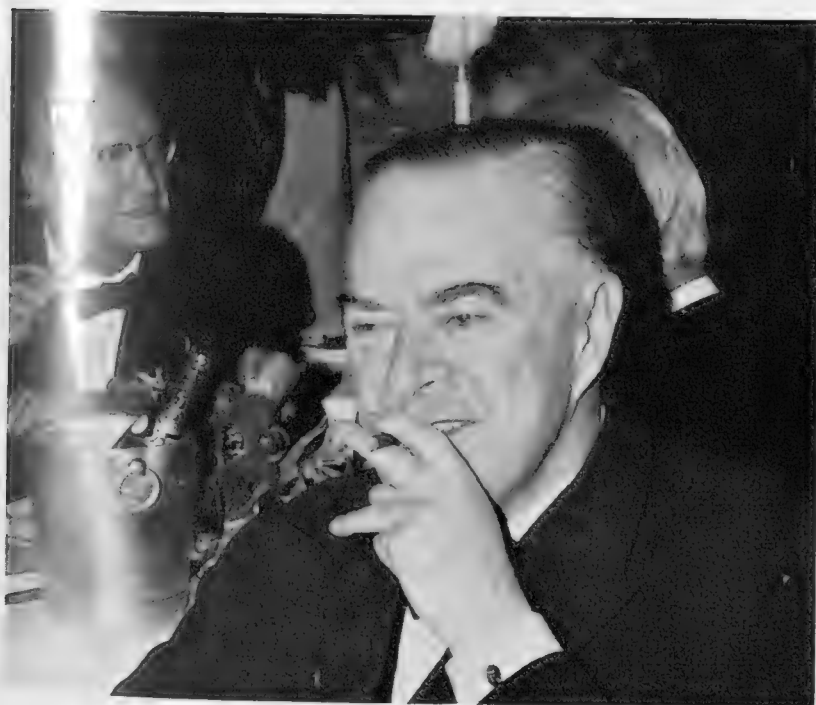
*Mr. C. W. Gill, from London, with his daughter Felicity*



*Mr. Richard Dutton Forshaw with Mrs. Tom Abell*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER

*Mr. Douglas Cleaver, a regular visitor to Monte Carlo*



*Sir Fred Parkes with Mrs. Hamilton Lang*







*At the Bullingdon Club Point-to-point at Crowell: Miss B. Roadnight and Solange, on which she came third in the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies Race*

The first bright Saturday in February ensured a full turnout of supporters for the Point-to-point steeplechases of the Bullingdon Club & the West Norfolk Hunt who had a surprise visitor in Princess Margrethe of Denmark

PICTURES: THIS PAGE DESMOND O'NEILL : OPPOSITE VAN HALLAN



*Mr. Nicholas Cunliffe-Lister came third in the President's Cup*



*Mr. Alan Oliver, the show jumper, rode in the first Open Race*



*The unusually good weather attracted many University supporters. In the group are Mr. Piers Croke, of Christ Church, and Miss Sarah Taylor*

## FRESH FENCES FOR FLYERS



*Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher watching the parade. Left: Miss Miranda Woodroffe, Mr. John Pelly and Miss Sarah Hogan (centre) in the paddock*



At the West Norfolk Meeting at Lexham: Lord Patrick Beresford is led on Syrup to the start of the Adjacent Hunts' Lightweight Race, in which he came second

## The 1961 Point-to-point season opens with two meetings



Mr. Anthony Biddlecombe, who rode Marshal's Field in the Adjacent Hunts' Maiden Race, & Miss Margaret Craven



Capt. David Cherry, Mr. G. H. Bullard and Brig. Keith Hervey, stewards at the meeting

Princess Margrethe of Denmark with Mr. T. H. Barclay, Master of the West Norfolk, handing up his wife





# What's for breakfast?

I STAY IN BED EACH MORNING UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK. I do so without any stab of conscience—on doctor's orders. When I complain of nervous exhaustion, with a dash of schizophrenia, not for me the delightful flights with Freud, or the revelations of the psycho-analyst's couch. My doctor goes back to Darwin for his argument: he reminds me that my ancestors walked on all fours and that my "insides" are in their natural position when I am horizontal. Then comes the prescription: "You need more rest."

So I relish my breakfast in bed, enjoying, I admit, the refreshments of my own mind and the books beside me. And though I would wish for something more substantial than a slice of brown toast with a scrape of butter and a cup of coffee, I console myself by thinking of breakfasts I have eaten in my more robust days—in grand houses where the meal was a ritual and not yet a snack.

I once stayed in a castle in Scotland where there must have been six silver dishes with their covers on the hot plate each morning. The guests went to them solemnly, peeped in at the grilled kidneys, scrambled eggs, grilled sole, poached eggs, bacon . . . the lot. Then, having made their choice, they took their places at the table, in grave silence. After I had been staying a few days I discovered a nice trick. On a side table were cold grouse for those who liked them. I arrived in the dining-room a little early, snatched half a grouse, and ate it walking along the shore of the loch, throwing the bones into the water. It was a peaceful escape.

But there was one breakfast ritual, in a splendid country house, from which there was no escape. I was once asked to stay at Arbury Hall, in Warwickshire—the romantic Strawberry Hill Gothic house set in the park where George Eliot was born. Most of the other guests were old and their pattern of life clung to the past. The morning newspapers were ironed by the housekeeper so that they would not ink our fingers when we read them. We walked into luncheon and dinner, and even breakfast, in pairs. In the dining-room during the day was a splendid parrot in a gilded cage, on a side table. One morning one of the guests, Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, then well on in years, left the procession to put his finger in the cage and say "Pretty Polly." The parrot bit him violently and the Admiral suddenly swore in a voice that might have been heard as far as Scapa Flow. I forget the actual words he used, except that "bloody" was one of them. About twelve of us took our places at the table and ate in a hush that lasted until the lady next to me asked, "Are you writing a new book?"

This question usually makes me purr but, recalling it, I suddenly realize that nowadays almost every author answers, "Yes, I am writing a cookery book." For myself, I cannot cook. (The only time I tried to scramble some eggs on my new eye-level cooker, I turned the wrong

knobs and it cost £8 to mend it.) So I am exempt, but my friends all seem to be writing *My Heart is in my Oven*, or *In the Footsteps of Mrs. Beeton*. Even Rupert Croft-Cooke has taken to it. I have just read his *English Cooking*\*. Because he is a writer first and not merely a cook flirting with words beyond his control, his book is a delight to read. There is the good breeze of history in his kitchen, especially in the chapter on "The English Breakfast."

We imagine that the Englishman in exile never changes his habits; that he complains in Ulubulaland if there is no sprig of holly on his Christmas pudding; that in Rawalpindi or Peshawar he will bang the table and shout, "*Had hogai paththa! Bainda pya!! Kithai ain mairian kippers!!!*"

This is only half-true. After all, the English brought home that splendid breakfast dish—kedgerree. The very word is pleasant when we know its meaning. It comes from the Hindi, *khichri*, and was originally an "Indian dish of rice boiled with split pulse, onions, eggs, butter and condiments." Some dashing memsahib thought of adding fish, so we have the English version of "cold fish, boiled rice, eggs, and condiments, served hot."

Mr. Croft-Cooke writes: "How good it can be, and how simple to make! Cooked rice, drained and not-soggy, mixed with broken up hard-boiled eggs, with plenty of coarse black pepper and nothing more." I can suggest a further perfection. In Arbroath, within sight of the Inchcape Rock, is a remarkable woman named Mrs. Swankie, and she produces Arbroath Smokies. They are baby haddocks, prepared in some mysterious way—smoked in whisky barrels, I have been told. The result is a delicacy as full of character as Mrs. Swankie herself. Skinned and eaten, with nothing but a squeeze of lemon or some *real* horse-radish sauce, they are excellent: used in kedgerree and not allowed to be more than heated in the process, they are out of this world.

We are reminded that Mr. Somerset Maugham once said that if you wish to eat well in England, you should "have breakfast three times a day." This is a splendid idea; a help for those of us who settle for brown toast and one cup of coffee to begin the day. All the tempting dishes that make this chapter on "The English Breakfast" come alive are equally suitable for lunch. We read on, through the pages of bacon and eggs (which only the English can cook); tomatoes—grilled but not fried; kidneys, sausages and mushrooms, and fresh herrings. Of fresh herrings—"Take out the soft roes and rub them through a sieve. Into the roes stir a little mustard made with vinegar, some salt, chopped parsley, a dab of butter, a shake of cayenne pepper, and serve it as a sauce with the herrings, which should be fried or grilled."

Yes, it is a beautiful, greedy chapter, and I am left with only two

\* W. H. Allen, 25s.

ILLUSTRATION BY ELIZABETH BEERBOHM

## by Hector Bolitho

complaints. Mr. Croft-Cooke allows milk—albeit the “top”—to be used in scrambled eggs, and even suggests fried bananas cooked with tomatoes. The idea of a banana is revolting enough; to think of it fried is painful, for the presence of a frying pan in the kitchen is indecent to me. But the English will never be seduced away from that sinister object: they must get their ulcers somehow.

One reads on, quickly, and finds that we are allowed caviare, oysters and smoked salmon for our breakfast. Ah! Now we are talking. This last indulgence, of smoked salmon, reminds me of the most enchanting breakfast I have ever eaten; enchanting, not only for the food, but also for the scene, the company and the conversation.

It was on the Douro, in September, 1955—a truly vintage year. I was staying in the port wine country, near the border of Portugal and Spain, with the late Maxwell Graham, whose roots were in the vineyards associated with his name, but who looked absolutely English wherever he went. Even there, between the warm flanks of hills, heavy with grapes, he wore his Old Etonian tie and a hat that only Mr. Lock could have made. The other guests were General Sir Oliver Leese, Lady Leese, and a young Old Wellingtonian.

Early in the morning we stepped into a sturdy river boat, sat in wicker chairs, beneath grey parasols, and made our way down the Douro. The centuries of floods had carved the stone banks, between the stretches of the vineyards, so that they had the look of Gothic tracery. Wild peacocks flew out of the niches in the rock, like figures released from ikons. We shot the rapids and when we came to the quiet water again, Maxwell Graham brought out a basket of thin, brown bread sandwiches, made of ham and smoked salmon. Then five glasses and two bottles of iced *dry* white port. We drank the wine with slices of rind cut from green tangerines.

Perhaps one day I shall compile an anthology of English breakfast parties. They would make appetizing reading, and should include the feast that Pepys gave to his friends on New Year's Day, 1661, when they ate a “barrel of oysters, a dish of neat's-tongues and a dish of anchovies, wine of all sorts and Northdowne ale.” Nor must we forget the breakfast at No. 10 Downing Street in September 1735, when Queen Caroline drove from Kensington Palace at *nine o'clock in the morning* to eat “choice Fruits, Sweetmeats and Wines, with Tea, Chocolate etc.,” with Sir Robert Walpole as host and, among the waiters, his son Horace, then an undergraduate at Cambridge.

The stomachs of our ancestors must have been hardier than ours. The old Dean of Windsor used to tell me of an ancient Victorian gentleman he was summoned to see, on his death-bed. He was sitting up, mumbling, “I'm dying! I'm dying!” while he was breakfasting off cold plum pudding, washed down with sherry and hot water.



POETRY PACKS 'EM IN

An evening in Hampstead photographed by Alan Vi





*Pete Brown had just hitch-hiked round the country giving readings. His verse had jazz accompaniment*

*Lydia Pasternak Slater (far left) reads her translation of Anselm Hollo, much-travelled Finn, read from a volume*

# POETRY PACKS 'EM IN

CONCLUDED



Dannie Abse's poem confessed he doesn't fit in either of the places where he works. His play, *House of Cowards*, won the 1960 Charles Henry Foyles award

THE YOUNG MEN DECLAIMING in these pictures are poets reading their own work. They had a rapt audience when Jeremy Robson staged a poetry evening in a first attempt to restore Hampstead as a literary centre—a reputation which, he says, died with Keats. Mr. Robson, a 22-year-old critic and poet, persuaded Lydia Pasternak Slater to travel down from Oxford. He also recruited Spike Milligan, always ready to support youthful ventures, who is seen on the opening page energetically reading from his Lear-like *Silly Verse for Kids*. Altogether there were eight poets, including Mr. Robson who read his own *Blues for the Lonely* to jazz accompaniment. Originally planned for a coffee-bar cellar, the project attracted so much support that it twice had to change bookings, ending up in the Hampstead Town Hall. Even then, 500 people had to be turned away. It was a triumphant evening for poetry, especially as Mr. Robson has acquired a card index of supporters for his next move in the rehabilitation of Hampstead's literary status



ons of her brother's poems.  
one he published in English last week



The organizer listens: Jeremy Robson also read some of his own poems. Cecily Ben-Tovim reports with a sketch book; her husband played in the jazz group



# Read any GOOD BOOKS

*lately?*

BY PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE

BEING one of those who will read sauce-bottle labels and excursion time-tables rather than nothing, I require large quantities of print to devour daily, but especially in bed, when I like to blot out the chaos of the day. With books pouring from the presses, one would have thought it would not be difficult to maintain a supply of acceptable fiction, but recently I have been reduced to brushing up my French and a history of the Hundred Years' War. Novelists just don't write books for bedtime more than once or twice a year.

To start with, I read for enjoyment—and that polishes off the bulk of contemporary fiction right away. Since the day when I was sent out of the fifth form for remarking that Coriolanus was *not* a character I would care to have about the house, I have remained impervious to the entertainment value of persons whom I would rather not know in real life. All those perverts, failures and tortured souls are not only frightfully boring (one may well have had to cope with embryonic versions of them during the day anyhow)—they are too exhausting. Characters in what I term “breasts and sweat” novels are so energetic. I get thinking feverishly about the tops of the pictures not being dusted and how I *must* trace that stickiness at the bottom of the jam cupboard and then I become resentful that I can't harness the overflowing urges of these unhappy persons and employ them as Hopliters or whoever it was the Greeks had to do their dirty work.

Nor will I take to bed books in which people die of consumption, struggle through swamps, go blind, paralysed or mad in clinical detail for the greater part of the narrative, spend several chapters sawing, digging and scraping

their way out of prisons, or discussing why the 7.15 couldn't have decapitated the corpse because of leap year, double summer time, the Severn Bore, or the expansion of metals, and why you have to put your watch on or back when you go round the world. That sort of thing evokes all my old helplessness when confronted by those terrible problems about taps filling baths and bills of exchange and I will not force myself to try to cope with them for an instant.

Then, I must be able to read the book without too much effort. I just can't translate some authors' versions of the English language into something that I understand when I'm about to go to sleep. (The era of those desperate guesses whether Hannibal addressed the Senate or stood silent amid a labyrinth of dependent clauses is, thank heaven, gone never to return.) Great hunks of words without verbs and subjects frighten me as badly as do railway station announcements in foreign languages. My sub-editorial self also longs to make marginal corrections of personalized spelling and punctuation, especially when the author has been showing off with some terrific account of, say, the cracks in a brothel ceiling or the behaviour of earthworms in a tornado and then dares to write things like “different to,” or gets muddled over the sequence of tenses. And when dots start cluttering up the story I feel so cheated—if the author knew enough to think up a purple patch, why didn't he put it in?

I *won't* be educated when I'm about to go to sleep. If hero and heroine are walking in the moonlight in San Gimignano, I don't want a great fobbing-off parenthesis about medieval Italian city states and the Siennese school of architecture. And if the tribes are thundering down the mountains, I do not care to be rooted to the spot with the kind of paragraph that starts “*This was the turning-point of Shiraz Khan's home rule policy,*” and keeps us all thundering away standing still while the author whips up a résumé of what he knows about it. Nor do I approve of the name-dropping trend now apparent in many novels; one can see why certain people can't avoid this in their non-fiction, but it infuriates me to be held up while I try to remember who the hell are “Xan, Paddy, Binkie, Lewis and Charles.” As for remarks such as “*whose part in the St. Lo escarpment attack is too well-known to need any amplification,*” these make me definitely tetchy. Why should it be supposed that I know—or *want* to know—any of this? And if I don't, am I expected to get out of bed and rifle through the reference books?

Nevertheless, there are lots of books I really want to read but cannot because of the great stumbling-block of the names in them. Years ago my mama announced that she could not cope with books in which she had to start by renaming all the characters Wheelbarrow or Parsnip, instead of clawing her way round things like Vassilievsnotschka or Popocatapetl. I know exactly how she felt. I only got through *War and Peace* because I was lucky enough to

find an edition in which the people were called nice plain things without those snarling patronymies. Today, it is baffling trying to manage the fashionable Mittel-European or Eastern novels—you don't even know whether the people in them are male or female by the ends of their names. An apparently female “a” ending name is found, pages on, to refer to a brigand chief, and the masculine “o” to belong to the village midwife. As soon as I see expressions like “Gospodin,” “Huzoor” and “Pan” being bandied about in a book, I put it right down—I shall never, I know, sort out the sexes.

Even writers in the English language complicate contemporary fiction unnecessarily. Increasing use is being made of the bisexual sort of name—Leslie, Sydney, Frankie and Johnnie—and people get called surname type names such as Portescue, Lynton or Walkinshaw as *first* names, irrespective of sex, and despite real life, in which they would certainly be known about the house as Spud or Min. Sometimes the author tumbles to this, and introduces nicknames, which means you have to learn two sets of names—and then of course two or more people may have the same initial. Rushing through books as I do, this muddles me; I see a capital M and am all prepared for it to be something about Madrigal, which is the last name of the hero, when I have to remember that it may be Marmaduke, which is the set name for Joan, the villainess.

So I am getting resigned to being uncultured, as our Russian friends might say (why doesn't someone tell them that culture just isn't a word we use except when we're being nasty?). For when I read a review of an obviously important American novel and find that the central character is called Mink Snopes; then I am thoroughly put out. For Mink is clearly the *nom de guerre* of a tycoon's chorine posy, whereas Snopes can only be the wheezy little chemist in a Midland town, who either has a heart of gold and/or poisons the landlord. It's as obvious as that dear old Major Road we are always seeing Ahead, and the dashing man-about-town Val de Travers who plays around with palings and red lights. If I tried to read this book and, every time I came to that name, had to make myself realize that it referred to a brute of a Poor White in the Deep South—and a man, too—then, I should continually feel as if I'd been going downstairs and taken another step when the flight had finished. Who can read a book that's a succession of jolts? This Mink lives in a place called Yoknapatawpha County, too—I couldn't even call that Beetroot.

So when I get out of the Hundred Years' War, I think I shall have to go back to Beatrix Potter or even, plus Kennedy's Latin Primer, that current best-seller, *Winnie Ille Pu*. Because I do like a *nice* book at bedtime.

**Lord Kilbracken** *was still unwell* (“horizontal” he calls it) *at press time. He hopes to resume his articles next week.*



More authoritative of the Collections seen in Florence was that of Fabiani. His rounded shoulderlines that swept into wide tailored sleeves and the long line jackets with slightly indicated waists were all consistent with the trend that dictated movement in spring fashion. The white linen dress, shown again (above) with the jacket off, is characteristic of this designer. Notable is the Oriental feeling conveyed by the implied cool neckline, the kimono sleeves, the frogging and the brilliant jade green of the waku straw broad brimmed hat

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TENCA



*High fashion, haute couture or alta moda, this year there's a connecting theme more potent than mere translation. The Collections at the Pitti Palace in Florence showed the same preoccupation with clothes of movement that influenced Paris a week later and turned up again in the London spring showings. It's an international departure that demands the use of soft, fluid fabrics—crepe especially—for easy-fitting, easy-flowing clothes with just-over-the-knee skirts, low pouched necklines and sleeveless, collarless dresses. Most of the Italian designers followed the same new line but among big names Schuberth and Fontana showed clothes with an Italianate flavour too flamboyant for English taste*

# ITALY

## 1961: new lines from the Latin



## New lines from the Latin

CONTINUED

**H**eavy use of black for summer clothes was one of the surprises of the Italian showings. This example is from the Fabiani collection—a sheath late-day dress of chiffon ribbon lace, light and transparent as gossamer. It has a huge pouched back giving the effect of a cape. Fabiani's dress will be on sale in a few weeks at Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1



**R**ome designer Roberto Capucci continues to fulfil the promise of his first sensational collection of four years ago. Capucci anticipated Paris with fluid, floating skirts that barely covered the knee and made great use of floating panels and spiral flared flounces seen again in Paris at Pierre Cardin. His dress of heavy white crepe (*pictures above and right*) with its widely flared skirt and Grecian bodice was worn with a tailored coat of white lace mounted on taffeta





Italy's leading woman designer Simonetta showed many bloused-top sheaths for late-day wear and cut a dash with her street clothes by using capes and ponchos. Black was a favourite choice in this collection too. She used a surprising amount of it. This evening dress and cape (*above and right*) of black spotted net has deep bands of ruched net as trimming. For evening most of her models wore intriguing top-knots and had their heads swathed in veiling. The model will shortly be on sale at Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1







White was Fabiani's second choice for a summer colour. He, too, had a feeling for soft crepes and experimented with the trend towards moving, floating lines by sweeping the front draping of the dress on the opposite page diagonally over the shoulder to fall into a fringed train. This diagonal line carried to its ultimate development—the spiral—(achieved superbly by Pierre Cardin) was a constant factor throughout the Italian, French and London collections

## New lines from the Latin

CONTINUED

Tailored shapes were characteristic of the collection at Simonetta who showed a number of the clear-cut figure-hugging capes which she plainly favours. This rounded arc line with inflated sleeves was first launched a season ago by Nina Ricci in Paris. Simonetta set her own stamp on it with this long-line jacket with double-breasted buttoning achieved by huge bone spheres. The collar is small and boyish. Canessa of Rome designed the hat of woven tobacco-brown palm leaves inspired by a trilby







Some of the most feminine clothes shown in Florence were seen in the collection of Jole Veneziani of Milan, one of Italy's many women designers. She featured a number of all-round box-pleated skirts as well as dresses in soft materials with bloused backs, much ostrich feather trimming and the prettiest hats seen anywhere. Her dress of the palest blue chiffon (*opposite page*) brings back the handkerchief points of the twenties. The skirt is mounted on a straight sheath with a rigid hemline to which the points are attached. An almost exact counterpart of the Veneziani dress was seen a week later at Lanvin-Castillo in Paris. The hat of swathed tulle fringed with ostrich was dyed to the exact blue of the dress. Susan Small are making the Veneziani dress and it will be on sale at Derry & Toms, Kensington, by 20 March.

## New lines from the Latin

CONCLUDED



Another big name among Italian women designers is that of Irene Galitzine of Rome, best known over here for the exciting resort and leisure clothes she designs for Harvey Nichols. The Galitzine clothes had a consistently broad-shouldered effect with a sweeping rounded shoulderline, indicated waists and peg-top skirts. Novel innovation on Galitzine suits was the detachable plastron front which when removed allowed the jacket to be worn as a bolero. For the example shown (*above and right*) she used fine white wool and teamed it with a nigger brown and white silk for the blouse and jacket lining. The high hat is made of plaited banana leaves dyed a matching dark brown.

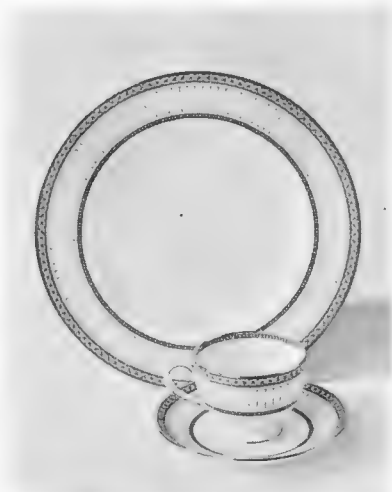




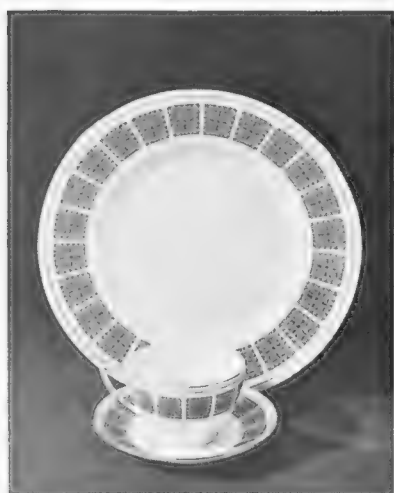
# COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE:  
MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM:  
PRISCILLA CONRAN

## Adapted for moderns



Wedgwood's Gold Colonnade design is available early next month in gold and white only at Lawleys, Regent Street, also to order together with black on white from any Wedgwood Room. Prices: gold and white tea service, £23 16s. 6d., dinner services from £69 16s. 6d., black and white tea service, £16 10s. 9d., dinner service, £42 7s. 6d. Sets are for six, but pieces can be bought separately



The gentle appeal of a new design from Minton. Geometric pattern in gold on cream, or sable on white, with centre dots of turquoise relief. Plates and hollowware thinly circled and piped with gold. To order only in dinner, coffee or tea services at the General Trading Company. Prices: English place setting, £4 18s. 4d., dinner plate, 27s. 9d., cup and saucer, £1 4s. 11d.



This early morning tea set is one of the latest patterns from a large selection of Herend china at the General Trading Company. A Hungarian firm, their china is hand-painted with patterns of flowers and insects. Here there are mixed flowers in raspberry pink and pale green on white china, a design recurring on coffee and tea sets, vases and lamps. Early morning tea sets, £7



Newest design from Susan Williams-Ellis was inspired by the stone, green malachite. Plates, canisters, goblets, coffee cups and saucers appear in subterranean greens and blacks, lavishly rimmed or lined with dull gold, giving the pottery a medieval air. Prices: dessert plate, 20s. each, goblet, 21s., coffee cup and saucer, 15s. 9d., all at the Portmeiron Shop, Pont Street, S.W.1



A long-standing Crown Staffordshire favourite, Strawberry has been revised. A lithograph was made of the original design and is now used on the modern version. In natural strawberry colours only on a white ground, the china is gold-trimmed. Prices: Dinner set, coffee and tea sets, all for six people, from £33 17s. 6d., £6 16s. and £8 10s. respectively, to order only at Liberty's



*The bride and bridegroom. He is chief of the name of Buchan*



*Charlotte Czernin (the bride's niece) and Josephine Pemberton were two of the bridesmaids*



*Lord & Lady Masham are welcomed by the bride's parents, Lord & Lady Howard de Walden*

## THE BRIDE OF BUCHAN

The Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis was married to Buchan of Auchmacoy at St. James's, Spanish Place. The reception was at the Dorchester

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



*The Hon. Mrs. Czernin with daughter Henrietta*



*The Hon. Mark Fitzalan-Howard, who was best man*



*The Hon. Lady Lowson (centre) with her daughters Gay (who announced her engagement to the Earl of Kinnoull the next day) and Melanie*



# THE CRESTA BALL

*The Cresta Run goes  
on gaining devotees  
but there was  
no sign of a slide at the  
annual Cresta Ball—  
attendance in  
St. Moritz at the  
Palace Hotel  
was up to 450  
this year*



*Lt.-Col. Harry Walker with his wife,  
daughter of Baron Juel-Brockdorff,  
of Valdemar Slot, Denmark*



*The Marquess of Donegall, a life  
member of the St. Moritz Cresta Club,  
and Mrs. Maureen McKenzie*



*Mr. Robin Baring with Lady Vereker, who with her husband, Sir Gordon, brought a large party to the ball*



*Mrs. M. Vernon-Pope, ball chairman, with Miss Linda Christian and Mrs. T. D. Richardson*



*Mr. John Cobbold, a Cresta rider, with Mrs. J. G. Jeans, one of the ball committee*



*Mr. William Shand-Kydd, another Cresta rider, with Miss Christina Papa*





### The play

**Three.** Criterion. (Emlyn Williams, Wendy Craig, Alison Leggatt, Richard Briers.)

### The films

**No Love For Johnnie.** Director Ralph Thomas. (Peter Finch, Mary Peach, Donald Pleasence, Stanley Holloway, Billie Whitelaw, Rosalie Crutchley.)

**Flaming Star.** Director Don Siegel. (Elvis Presley, Steve Forrest, Dolores Del Rio, John McIntire, Rudolph Acosta.)

**Offbeat.** Director Cliff Owen. (William Sylvester, Mai Zetterling, Anthony Dawson, John Meillon, Victor Brooks.)

**The Full Treatment.** Director Val Guest. (Claude Dauphin, Ronald Lewis, Diane Cilento, Françoise Rosay, Bernard Braden.)

### The books

**New Maps Of Hell,** by Kingsley Amis. (Gollancz, 16s.)

**The Path To Leadership,** by Viscount Montgomery. (Collins, 21s.)

**Valiant Companions,** by Helen Waite. (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s.)

**No Signposts In The Sea,** by V. Sackville-West. (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.)

**An Actor's Training: The Stanislavski Method,** by Sonia Moore. (Gollancz, 15s.)

**Little Owl,** by Reiner Zimnik & Hanne Axman. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

### The records

**Hello Love, and In Concert,** by Ella Fitzgerald.

**Ben Webster Meets Oscar Peterson.**

**The Unforgettable Lady Day,** and **Say It Isn't So,** by Billie Holiday

**Not Now, I'll Tell You When,** by Count Basie

**I Gotta Right To Swing,** by Sammy Davis, Jr.

### The galleries

**Forgeries & Deceptive Copies,** British Museum.

# VERDICTS

## ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

### Mr. Mortimer wins the bout

MOST OF THE NEW YOUNG WRITERS for the theatre make a confident showing in newspaper and television interviews. They have their several points of view, but apparently all agree that what fuddy-duddies refer to pompously as dramatic form is a superstition which they have been happy to discard.

Sometimes I wonder if they are quite as happy about it as they sound. Certainly the ease they make out for formlessness is superficially plausible. If they can create with intensity a certain truth of talk why should they bother with the laborious, old-fashioned process in which character and circumstance act upon each other until they are resolved into the catastrophe which has the air of inevitability? The audience have been given "a slice of life"; what more can they possibly want?

Yet how comes it that their plays have a way of fading out in the last act? And may it not be that this decline into anti-climax accounts in part for why so few of their plays that have been praised enthusiastically by sympathetic critics seldom—Mr. Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* is one of the golden exceptions—make long runs.

But even if these writers are as happy as they pretend to be in their formlessness they may still be suspected on the evidence of their plays to have a secret which they do not confide in their interviewers. Most of them give the impression of finding three acts too many, and if the aim is to create a certain kind of isolated person, a certain kind of moment with truth and intensity, the one-act play would seem to have undoubted advantages over the three-decker which implies exposition, development and dénouement.

The practical difficulty is that

audiences have been for many years stubbornly indifferent to the once-popular pleasures of a double or a triple bill. There are signs that under pressure from M. Ionesco and others this particular prejudice is beginning to soften. At all events, **Three**, a triple bill by Mr. John Mortimer, Mr. N. F. Simpson and Mr. Pinter successfully put on at the Arts Theatre, has been transferred for a run to the Criterion, with Mr. Emlyn Williams, Miss Wendy Craig and Miss Alison Leggatt as the

leading actors in all three pieces.

Opinions differ widely as to the comparative merits of *Lunch Hour*, *The Form* and *A Slight Ache*. I would say that Mr. Mortimer's *Lunch Hour* promises us a more amusing evening than we actually get. Here two office workers, played by Mr. Williams and Miss Craig, find themselves in a bedroom in a shabby hotel during the lunch hour. They are hungry for romance, but so shy that they can find no way of communicating in their strange



DOUGLAS JEFFERY

GETTING THEM TAPED IN SIMPSONVILLE: A verbal duel is fought by tape-recorder between the pompous bureaucrat (Emlyn Williams) and the applicant for a post (Richard Briers) in N. F. Simpson's office fantasy *The Form*, one of the avant-garde plays in the programme at the Criterion

surroundings. To allay the suspicions of the manageress the man invents an elaborate tale of a wife who has come down from Yorkshire to discuss their affairs. The girl, called on suddenly to act her part, is so carried away by it that she identifies herself completely with the imaginary wife, blames her husband for his selfishness in expecting her to travel such a long way with three unruly children, wants to know where the children are now, and learning that they have been taken to his aunt's house falls into an unreasoning dislike of the imaginary lady. So the precious hour slips away, the man making no headway against the girl's absurd imaginings.

We are made to feel that the girl, through all her apparently stupid entanglement in fantasy, is guided by some intuitive sense which brings her to realize that the romantic creature she came to meet is not at all the sort of man she hoped he might be.

Mr. Williams and Miss Craig play skillfully for pathos. The pathos comes, but rather too slowly. Mr. Donald McWhinnie's direction is

somewhat heavy-handed for a lightly and adroitly constructed piece, intended surely to make a much less solemn impression.

Mr. Simpson's *The Form* is a joke about form-filling. The inconsequential dialogue is extremely amusing in fits and starts, but the author has taken few pains to work a pattern into his nonsense and Mr. Williams, building up mannerisms into a grotesque mockery of official stupidity and complacency, is rather like a comic Leviathan disporting itself in a water a couple of inches deep. Yet Mr. Simpson's fans will find more to enjoy in this piece than in Mr. Pinter's *A Slight Ache*. This tries to create an atmosphere of menace about the figure of a silent and immobile matchseller who is brought into the villa of a novelist and his wife and symbolizes for each the fear, guilt and frustration at the back of their minds. The characterization is so thin, the husband and wife are so lacking in interest, that the menace of the matchseller is not strong enough to thicken the atmosphere this side of the footlights.

poor devil who is now empty of everything but a rankling ambition.

Re-elected at Earnley with an increased majority, Johnnie returns to London hoping for an appointment in the new government. It does not materialize. His frigid wife (Miss Rosalie Crutchley) chooses this bitter moment to walk out on their joyless marriage. He is nettled by her timing: she has, he feels, left the sinking ship.

A dreary round of the pubs and the strip-clubs and a visit to a call girl fail to soothe him—and his extreme egoism offends the one person who might have helped him, warm-hearted Miss Billie Whitelaw. His mood at the House is resentful—and lays Johnnie open to advances from a couple of conniving colleagues (Messrs. Hugh Burden and Donald Pleasence) who have a scheme to discredit the government. Despite pleas from sterling Mr. Stanley Holloway, a true party man, and the Prime Minister (Mr. Geoffrey Keen) Johnnie agrees to go along with the rebels. It is their misfortune that he falls in love, for the first time in his life.

The girl (pretty Miss Mary Peach) is half his age and the affair cannot last—but, snatching at happiness when he can, Johnnie lets his fellow-conspirators down: he is too busy making love to Miss Peach to turn up at the House and ask the crucial question which is intended to split the party.

He loses Miss Peach and, through the machinations of Mr. Pleasence (a dab hand at denigration) he darn' nearly loses his seat, too. You may feel he deserves to—and the ironic twist at the end of the story may strike you as somewhat cynical: the unloved Johnnie (des-



THE WOMAN IN AMBITION'S WAY: At their brief reconciliation after his schemes have misfired, Johnnie (Peter Finch) accepts the telephone number his wife (Rosalie Crutchley) gives him, though he knows he will never return to live with her. From *No Love for Johnnie*



## The howl of a lone wolf

KNOWING LITTLE OF THE PRACTICES of politicians or what it is that make them tick, I still, in my Pollyanna way, believed that M.P.s were set to safeguard and advance the rights and well-being of their constituencies—I was as willing to accept their electioneering protestations as any woman is to swallow that compliment which springs so readily to the tongue of a Spanish gentleman: "Lady, I live only to serve God and my country and you."

It was disconcerting to find that Johnnie Byrne, Labour member for Earnley, in *No Love for Johnnie*—Mr. Ralph Thomas's film of the late Mr. Wilfred Fienburgh's controversial novel—is only out for "Number One," as they would say in his North Country constituency. I had to remind myself that this is primarily the portrait of a self-centred man who lacks loyalty and the gift of friendship: in any walk of life he would end up as a lone wolf. It just happens he went into politics: let's hope he doesn't put you off your votes.

As the excellent Mr. Peter Finch plays him, one has the impression that Johnnie might once have cared about the people he represents and the party to which he belongs—and I can't help feeling sorry for the

cried by Mr. Paul Rogers, the P.M.'s Secretary, as "the most grasping, self-important bastard" he ever met) achieves, at the price of further loneliness, the Front Bench. So what? So he has got the job of Assistant Postmaster General—but what has he got in his private life? Absolutely nothing. Miss Betty Box, producing, and Mr. Thomas do not stress the point, but it is there—and I propose a vote of thanks to them for daring to credit audiences with the intelligence to see it.

Mr. Elvis Presley looks uncommonly glum in *Flaming Star*, as a young half-breed—son of a Kiowa squaw (beautiful Senorita Dolores Del Rio) and a white farmer (Mr. John McIntire)—in a community where (as in *The Unforgiven*) the Kiowas are hated like p'ison. He can't decide whether to be loyal to his Ma's or his Pa's people. On either side ferocity abounds.

His Ma is shot by a white man—his Pa is killed by Kiowas, and Mr. P. himself is gravely wounded while rescuing his white half-brother from hostile Redskins. "If it's goin' to be like this the rest of my life, the hell with it!" says he—and goes off to die quietly among the hills. I wouldn't call Mr. Presley exactly a flaming star—but he smoulders rather well.

In *Offbeat*—a modest but interesting little drama—Mr. William Sylvester is a copper detailed by the Yard to ingratiate himself with the underworld and find out how the current large-scale robberies are

organized and carried out. (And wouldn't you like to know?) For a start, and to make the right impression in criminal circles, he robs a bank like an expert—and soon he is in with an efficient mob of crooks run by dapper Mr. Anthony Dawson. A splendid plan for robbing a diamond merchant's vaults is hatched and Mr. Sylvester is given an important part in it.

He doesn't tip off the Yard because (bright idea of the script-writer, Mr. Peter Barnes) he is so impressed with the confidence placed in him by the crooks (a confidence he never found in the suspicious Force) that he actually becomes one of them. Unfortunately a nosy Inspector (Mr. Victor Brooks) who, typically, trusts nobody has been "tailing" Mr. Sylvester. . . . There are pleasing performances from Miss Mai Zetterling and Mr. John Meillon as underworldlings—and useful hints on how safely to break an electronic beam. Acceptable entertainment—even if it does make potential burglars of us all.

*The Full Treatment*, a piece of sensational twaddle, tells at intolerable length how a dotty psychiatrist (M. Claude Dauphin) plays a very nasty trick on a patient (Mr. Ronald Lewis)—hoaxing the wretched chap into believing he has strangled and dismembered his wife (Miss Diane Cilento). The film is slowed down by the camera's curious habit of tracking away from the characters every now and then and going slowly up the wall. Oh, well! You can't blame it, in the circumstances.





ALAN VINES

THE JURY DELIBERATES at the *Young Contemporaries'* show in the R.B.A. Galleries. Mr. William Scott, Professor Carel Weight and Mr. Keith Vaughan were judging a competition for a mural for Courtaulds. Its verdict: A win for Mr. Alan C. Jones, who received a £100 award and the commission

## SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

### Mapping the bug eyed monsters

FOR YEARS I HAVE SAT TIMIDLY ON the edge of science fiction, now and again putting in a toe and grabbing it back again—my main difficulty being that I find anything later than H. G. Wells so hard to understand. The stuff on the back of the cereal packets cannot be said to extend the SF corner of one's mind, yet everything else is full of sums which are to me abhorrent.

Kingsley Amis, an SF fan who not only likes his fiction scientific but can obviously grasp the full meaning, has written a book about it called *New Maps of Hell*. This learned, detailed and often very funny survey of the whole field starts with a few brisk and well-aimed jibes at the "traditional roll call" method of cataloguing the antecedents of SF, but adds that he feels *The Tempest* should be included in the background, with Caliban as an early mutant and Ariel an anthropomorphized mobile scanner. The book goes on to reveal a really stunning first-hand knowledge of SF magazines, and

throws up some interesting critical suggestions, such as a vote for William Golding as someone working "inside science fiction." I am no nearer being able to fight my way through the source material itself (out of interest, is there the SF equivalent of a *Woman's Book*?) but Amis's guide is so crookedly funny it almost persuaded me I might.

If you don't care for Viscount Montgomery's personality, you will be unpersuaded by his *The Path to Leadership*. I find its Spartan principles, stern ideals and absolutely transparent style somehow astonishingly bracing, like a 10-mile run before breakfast may seem to those who could manage one without collapsing. For a strict non-runner, Monty's prose provides a valuable substitute. I found the book unexpectedly absorbing, and somehow I even take no exception to being written at as though one were being clearly, firmly, and inescapably briefed—points are numbered and taken in order, and the book is full of lecturer's phrases—"Well, we must now leave him," and "Let us pass on..."

Monty on Moses and Cromwell, on de Gaulle, on his wartime colleagues, on Nato, Khrushchev and the leaders in China—it may not be very subtle, but it's remarkably frank and uncagey and whangs quite a few important nails on the head. And anyway the thought of him whizzing off to China on a private reconnaissance all on his own

is invigorating. There you are—back to the 10-mile run again.

The story of the deaf and blind child Helen Keller and the marvellous young teacher who gave her speech and understanding is so amazing, no matter how many times one reads it, that it's a pity Helen Waite's book *Valiant Companions* isn't better written, with a less insistent throb and fewer exclamation marks. It's a life of Miss Keller, with emphasis on the years she shared with Anne Sullivan Macy whom she called "Teacher," and the facts are as extraordinary and moving as ever.

*No Signposts in the Sea* by V. Sackville-West is an odd, dim, small novel set on some mysterious cruise. There is Edmund Carr, a dying journalist (dying of what?) who apparently worked for *The Times* though he makes only veiled references to Printing House Square: the lady he loves, though he seems to know her very little; and Colonel Dalrymple, whom Laura appears—at least to poor confused Edmund—to prefer. Edmund worries about it a lot in his diary, though there are some small things to cheer him up such as thinking about the other passengers' funny remarks about "tripping." Never mind—Miss Sackville-West is the author of the superb biography of La Grande Mademoiselle, *Daughter of France*, which you can and should re-read immediately.

*An Actor's Training: the Stanislavski Method* by Sonia Moore is

a deeply solemn book enlivened with delightful practical exercises, such as "Stab yourself with a paper-cutter. Treat it as if it were a sword," and "Your children will return home from school any minute. You do not want them to notice the effect of tragic news on you." Five minutes set aside every day after breakfast for practice with the paper-cutter, and without a doubt you would be getting somewhere. This sort of writing about the theatre makes me feel faintly aghast and mercifully unworthy.

*Little Owl*, by Reiner Zimnik and Hanne Axman, is a German children's book—in translation here—with the prettiest, gayest and most jubilant pictures you can imagine. I liked it.

## GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

### Ella and Oscar here again

ONCE MORE CONCERT HALLS throughout Britain will echo the lush sound of Ella Fitzgerald's incomparable voice. She opens a three-week tour on 4 March, when I expect she will provide her audiences with a sample of the ballads she has recently recorded in her album *Hello love* (CSI 315). The die-hard jazz fans will be furious that she has "gone commercial," but I welcome the chance to hear her in this dreamy mood, one of the many she can so easily embrace in the space of an evening. The hipsters will prefer Ella in *Concert* (7EG8615), which has four tracks of pure bliss for anyone who likes to hear her indulge in those extraordinary bop vocals.

On the same bill as Ella we shall hear Oscar Peterson, the pianist who has virtually taken on the mantle of Art Tatum. His trio is one of the neatest swinging groups in the jazz business today, and boasts two fine rhythm men in bassist Ray Brown and drummer Ed Thigpen. Oscar's biggest drawback is a tendency to thump and pound rather insensitively in the up-tempo pieces which are his speciality, though no one would doubt his rhythmic ability, nor deery the nimble-fingered technique that has carried him to the top of the tree. Recent records have indicated that he is overcoming this annoying tendency, as a brief hearing of *Ben Webster meets Oscar Peterson* (CSD1336) will quickly prove. Frankly this album is a gem, with the veteran tenor player at his most lyrical, making

the best of the sympathetic accompaniment that Oscar provides.

Ben Webster turns up again in one of the groups accompanying Billie Holiday in a postwar session, *The Unforgettable Lady Day* (CLP 1414). It would be wrong to compare her tired and saddened voice of the 50s with the buoyant joy which proclaimed her triumph in her greatest period, 1935-37. The hardships of her profession and upbringing were already taking their toll, but still the fantastic expressive voice went on, a symbol of the blues almost as potent and nearly parallel with that of Bessie Smith. Billie's sensitivity, her control, and her intonation will never be surpassed. She was never happier than in company with a small swinging group, such as she had for this album, one led by Harry Edison, the other by Charlie Shavers. Another sample of her latter-day performances can be heard on *Say it isn't so* (7EG8627), a 1957 session which follows the pattern of her last recordings.

It seems a long time since we heard Basie on this side of the Atlantic, but he is still busy at home. I am pleased that he is playing plenty of that sharp-witted rhythmic piano in his latest album, which rejoices in the title *Now now, I'll tell you when* (SCX3356). If you listen you'll see the aptness of his choice. Then there is a rich sounding piece called *Rare butterfly*, in which trombonist Al Grey produces some of his best muted growls. This, like all the recent Basie albums, is full of subtleties, swing and first-class arrangements.

Temporarily deserting the Basie fold, I but the leader join forces with Tommy Davis Jr. to help him assert that *I gotta right to swing* (LAF 352). He does so with the mastery touch that most of us have heard either on record or during his whirlwind visit to London last year. I regard him primarily as a top-class entertainer, for whom jazz is only a convenient medium of expression, but I praise him wholeheartedly for the way in which he works in with this Basie group, and takes the fullest advantage of the backing they offer.

## ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

### Captain Eyre & the mermaids

IN THE FIRST WEEK OF THIS MONTH a play about the Dutch forger Hans Van Meegeren opened in London, yet another book about art forgeries was published and an exhibition, called *Forgeries & Deceptive Copies* opened at the British Museum.

Forgery, always a fascinating subject, seems now to be more fascinating than ever to the layman. On the day I went to the exhibition the crowds round the showcases were so dense I had to fight my way in to get a glimpse of the unicorn's horn (lent by Sir Kenneth Clark) and the mummified mermaid, both dating from the 17th century, or of the phoney flint-axes, produced by "Flint Jack" around 1860, and the falsified fossils originally intended, by the students who made them, simply as a joke on a professor.

The exhibition extends far beyond the field of the graphic arts. The activities of forgers and copyists in the realms of natural history, ethnography, manuscripts, music, postage stamps and numismatics are all illustrated extensively. Antiquities are divided under the headings Greek & Roman, Egyptian & Western Asiatic, Medieval & Later, and Oriental. Fake antique furniture is a conspicuous absentee—but there is a modern Chinese fake of an 18th-century English clock complete with a spurious, but cunningly unreadable, maker's signature.

Among the pictures and sculptures are the echoes of some fine scandals. A group of imitation Corots recalls the crack that "of the 3,000 pictures painted by Corot, 10,000 are now in America." An

oil painting in the style of an old Dutch master commemorates the sensational career of Van Meegeren.

No less intriguing than the Van Meegeren story is that of Peter Thompson, a large selection of whose antiquarian and topographical drawings are on show. Whereas the Dutchman invented merely a new "period" for Vermeer, Thompson invented an entirely new artist. He called his creation "Captain John Eyre" and gave him not only an *oeuvre*, but also a complete and complex life history and character.

Thompson, who lived and worked in London around the middle of last century, was a carpenter and builder with some small talent for drawing architectural subjects. In turning to the faking of old drawings he seems to have been prompted by some idea of getting his own back on the government, at whose hands he claimed to have suffered "a severe loss."

That he was no fool is plain from the fact that he made "Captain Eyre" an amateur artist, thereby explaining the weakness of his drawings which, since they purported to have been made in the first half of the 17th century, were of historical rather than artistic interest.

He gave Captain Eyre a precise birth date, 6 October, 1604, and a pedigree. He made him a descendant of a famous Lord Mayor of London and endowed him with a distinguished military record in the service of both the Royalists and Parliamentarians.

His enthusiasm and ambition for the Captain was enormous and no doubt led to his ultimate undoing. The drawings were usually elaborately annotated. On one the "artist" wrote a long reminder to himself "in ye next week to do Master Shakespere's house in ye Clink Street"! At another time he drew an imaginary portrait of Ben Jonson, supposed to be "copied from a wall-painting in Master Shakespeare's house."

Not content with selling the Captain's originals, Thompson launched a scheme for selling etched reproductions of them and produced a prospectus with a list of

subscribers headed by the Prince Consort! Even today "Captain Eyres" are still submitted to the British Museum's Print Room as genuine.

Apart from the deliberate fakes, there are in the exhibition a large number of copies which, though made in the first place without the object of deception, were accepted as originals at some time or other. Ruskin's admiration for Turner resulted in his encouraging many good artists to make copies of the master's watercolours, to the confusion of collectors.

Looking at some of these copies hung beside the Turner originals we get some small idea of the problem with which the experts are faced when one master copies another even greater contemporary. As, for instance, when Andrea del Sarto copied Raphael, or Rembrandt's pupils copied him.

Recalled in a collection of fascinating newspaper cuttings and photographs is the case of the "Leonardo" bust of Flora which nearly caused an international art incident between Germany and Britain before World War One. Though it has been shown conclusively to most experts that the wax bust is a 19th-century work, it is still in Berlin's Kaiser Friedrich Museum.

It was bought by the Museum's director, Wilhelm Bohde, in 1909, for £8,000, but no sooner was it put on show than its authenticity was challenged, first by an English art dealer and then by an artist who glorified in the name of Albert Durer Lucas and who remembered helping his father to make the bust in 1846. It was made in imitation of Leonardo da Vinci but not as a forgery.

Despite evidence to the contrary Bohde maintained until his death 25 years later that he had bought a genuine Leonardo. By trying to save his face in this way he contributed to the popular idea that art experts are all idiots. But though this exhibition recalls many cases where experts have been taken in, it shows far more in which the forger's skill and cunning has been out-matched by the expert's knowledge.

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## DOUBLE TAKE

You can now slip into a style at the hairdresser's and see a new view without going to the lengths of a set. Leslie Caron, who likes to wear her hair long (*anyone* can wear it short), achieved the quick-change hairdo above with the aid of one of Xavier's wigs, which he flips into shape on your head. It proves just what a difference colour and outline make to a face. It is also a useful ploy to gauge the effect of hair colour or a new style. Leslie Caron's hair is a bright, gilded yellow for her role in *Ondine* (above left), so the mahogany brown of the wig made a telling contrast.

Another double touch in the cause of good looks: diet and a month of strenuous exercise with the aid of the Stauffer couch. This is a device that boosts circulation, tightens muscles, and can even be used to make a leaner diaphragm. It works in inches as well as pounds (three and a half inches lost round the hips is not an improbable figure after a month of this). But pounds will go too and around nine are usually lost in a month. And

because muscles are made to work and circulation improved, it's the perfect morale booster for spring. A month of daily doses on the American Stauffer couch costs £16 at Harrods (who now have a pretty Pedicure Court and a brightened hairdressing section where driers are thermostatically controlled and geared to turn themselves off when your hair is dry, *not* when the girl is ready).

A touch that won't double, but will certainly enlarge the size of your eyes is Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Kajal. It can be applied nearer the lower lashes than any eye-pencil dare attempt, and as it's an antiseptic formula it can't harm. You pull the lower lid down slightly and run a finger just touched with Kajal inside the lower lashes. The result is that thin definition for eye shape long favoured by Hindu women for large and liquid eyes. Harriet Hubbard Ayer also have a new liquid eyeliner for the lids, and an Indian Rose lipstick—a soft, sunny rose-orange to mate with the lemons, oranges and greens of the season.

GOOD LOOKS  
BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

## DINING IN

*The building of a menu*

Helen Burke

OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS MORE and more correspondents have asked me, not simply for a main dish for dinner, but for a complete menu. The surprising thing is that when a menu is required the request, in nearly every case, comes from a man. One the other day wanted not only the dishes but also the wines to go with them. Now it is comparatively easy to make out a pretty well-balanced menu if you do not have to worry about wines, which sometimes set a poser.

One would not, for instance, plan a *Choucroute Garnie à l'Alsacienne* and partner it with one of the great clarets. More discreet, perhaps, to suggest a *Châteauneuf du Pape* which could stand up to the generously flavoured dish.

Because men do most of the restaurant entertaining they think more about the main dish and the menu built around it. When women lunch together, waiters have a way of intimidating them by suggesting a first course first. No one can order a meal this way in a restaurant and no one can plan a menu for home consumption unless the main course is decided in the first place and the preceding and succeeding dishes are built around it.

A book has just been published that I should put into the hands of every young ambitious wife, whether she has a staff to carry out her wishes or has to do everything herself. It is *Royal Menus*, by René Roussin, *chef-de-cuisine* to the late King George VI (Hammond & Hammond, £2 2s.). In it, there are a dozen Buckingham Palace menus and the recipes for the dishes served. There are also six menus composed of the dishes he prepared for the Royal Family when lunching or dining *en famille*.

I do not suppose that any book will give all the "why's" and "how's" of cookery, but M. Roussin goes a long way to making many things clear.

A young cook is too often confronted with a recipe which tells her to "cover the meat with water." Hot or cold? She is not told. In one recipe for boiled salt beef and carrots (yes, some of the dishes got away from *haute cuisine*) the chef remarks: "Unless the meat is very salt, the water should be already tepid when the round of meat is immersed in it." Not all books tell you that sort of thing, essential though it is.

Tearing myself away from this fascinating book, let me suggest a delicious boiled dinner. In the restaurant in which I found it, it was listed as *pot au feu*, but was made much more simply than

directed in most cookery books.

For a family of six, you require a 3½-lb. piece of beef, which can be thin or thick flank, brisket, silver-side or even top leg, boned and tied into a compact shape. Also several beef and veal bones that will contribute towards the making of an excellent *consommé*, to be served several days hence. In this way, a clear soup can be produced as a by-product of the main dish.

If you are near a shop where chicken giblets are sold, I suggest that you buy two sets of them. You may not wish to include them in the main dish but there is every reason why they should be added to the *consommé* in due course.

Place the meat in a large pot with at least 4 quarts of cold water. Slowly bring to the boil, remove any scum that rises, add a tablespoon of salt and freshly-milled pepper to taste, then lower the heat and simmer gently for 1½ hours. If, after skimming, the meat is not allowed to boil, the stock will be unclouded.

After 1½ hours, add 6 not-too-small onions, 6 carrots, a parsnip cut into rounds and a *bouquet garni* tied in a leek. Wash the leek and split it almost through lengthwise. In it place a piece of bay leaf, a small sprig of thyme, 3 to 4 parsley stalks and a clove. Reshape the leek, wrap it around with cotton and tie it securely. Add also 2 whole root ends of celery, each about 4½ inches in length. A small turnip is also usually added, but some people may not like its rather strongish taste.

When gradually adding the vegetables, it is advisable to increase the heat so that the stock continues to simmer. Cook gently for another 1½ to 1¾ hours when the dish is ready. Taste and season further as required.

Cut the meat into slices, arrange them on a heated large platter and arrange the vegetables around them, first cutting each piece of celery into 3 to 4 strips.

Many people would not consider this dish complete without potatoes and cabbage. Put two ladles of the stock into another pot and half cook the potatoes in them. Cut a cored small cabbage into half-a-dozen sections and place them on top. Boil until the potatoes are done and the cabbage is cooked but still crisp. Serve these separately with their stock spooned over them.

There will be some meat left over, of course. Serve it cold with mayonnaise or oil and vinegar dressing and, just now, a salad of chicory (Belgian endive) and beet-root.

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## MAN'S WORLD

*On the lighter side*

David Morton

THE LATEST PIECE OF BAD NEWS IS the report from America of a self-lighting cigarette. The end is struck like a match on the abrasive bottom surface of the pack and it lights with heavens knows what sulphurous fumes. Very timesaving, of course, at least 10 seconds gained which means that the cigarette can be finished 10 seconds sooner—no small blessing, that. I predict self-lighting cigars soon; closely followed, I hope, by the Day of Judgment. Until then let's go on lighting cigars with at least two matches—one to warm the tip, the other to ignite it. Purists say that a petrol lighter taints a cigar, but lighters remain unchallenged by cigarette smokers and I have been looking round the West End to see what's available.

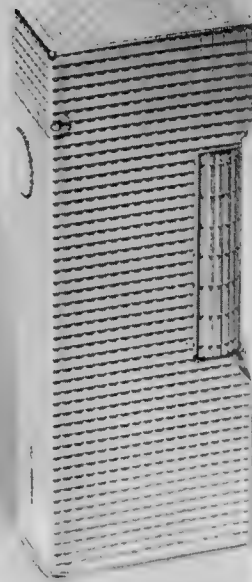
Asprey of Bond Street have the slimmest petrol lighter—the *Wafer*. It's as thick as four pennies and despite the small reservoir doesn't need refilling as often as one might suppose. The main trouble with a slim lighter is that the spring tends to break from time to time, and for this reason many makers do not market them. Until my *Wafer* was stolen in Bangkok I used to return

it to Asprey when the spring broke and their civility in mending it (free), polishing it and delivering it within a few days made up for this fault. This lighter costs 15 guineas in silver or £51 10s. in 9-ct. gold, with various patterns of engine turning. Not so slim, but nice to hold, is the flat, pebble-shaped *Flaminaire* gas lighter, designed by Marcel Quercia in France. It has a positive action, operated by a trigger on the side, and though it can be had in chromium plate, brown or black lizard, I think the only acceptable finish is the black aluminium model at £4 2s. 6d.—the smoothness goes well with the pebble shape. This lighter is available at most good tobacconists or from Asprey. Just across the road from Asprey is **Georg Jensen** who have Ronson lighters cased in silver and decorated to match the many pocketable things they sell—cigarette cases, moneyclips and so on. Whatever the design, the price is £14 10s. **Hermes** in Jermyn Street have a Dupont-designed gas lighter exclusive to them in tortoiseshell lacquer—*Ecaille* in French. The thumb wheel and other fittings are

gold and the lighter costs 20 guineas. Farther down, on the corner of Duke Street, Alfred Dunhill have a fine selection of lighters that have acquired the 20th-century accolade as status symbols—they are reliable, too. My favourite is the 9-ct. gold *Rollagas* (opposite). It is 2½ inches high, and comes in a variety of engine turnings of which this is, I think, the most attractive. It costs £85 in gold; £7 15s. gold-plated; £6 15s. silver-plated; refills are 3s. 6d. for a self-sealing cylinder. From their petrol lighters I would choose the *Auto-rollalite*—flick the roller, the cap opens and there's the flame. The flint is easy to change too. In engine-turned silver this lighter costs 15 guineas in a choice of two sizes.

Ronson's *Varaflame* is another efficient gas lighter. It comes in satin chrome for 77s. 6d.; or in pigskin for 75s. There is a knurled wheel on all these gas lighters which is especially useful to pipe smokers as the height of flame can be adjusted to shoot down into the bowl. The *Varaflame Windmaster* at 57s. 6d. is a less self-conscious design with a permanent shield that would be useful in a high wind.

Colibri have a wide range of lighters from which I would choose a petrol lighter in a black anodized finish with gold flash mechanism for 42s. 6d. Their range is so wide that it also covers a solid 18-ct. gold



9-carat status symbol—a gold-covered gas lighter from Dunhill, £85. Refills are cheap at 3s. 6d.

*Monogas* lighter at £250—even the flint screw would pass assay. The case is engine-turned in the perennially fashionable barley pattern. Finally, two sad footnotes on lighters. In Switzerland there are commonly called *Peut-être* for obvious reasons; and there are no pocket lighters on the index at the Design Centre.



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## MOTORING

*Two mysteries for thoughtful drivers*

Gordon Wilkins



BEDFORDSHIRE TIMES

*Bedford's new town centre—with first-floor parking space*

BEDFORD HAS DONE SOMETHING, I am glad to see, which may embarrass the Government but will certainly please the driver. Without waiting for outside aid the town has built a business-like development of mixed shops and a garage for 262 cars (later there may be space for 500). The visitor to Bedford's town centre can now put his car in the garage for four hours for sixpence. "No waiting" orders have at the same time swept cars off the surrounding streets.

What is more, Bedford has avoided parking meters. You would think this would please everybody, but when Mr. John Hay, who is Mr. Marples's second-in-command, went along to open the garage he took occasion to chide the poor Bedford councillors for not putting up meters as the Ministry recommends. Now why should anybody want to clutter the streets with meters and parked cars if they can get the cars out of the way for only sixpence for four hours?

It does give support to my theory, which has always been that the function of parking meters is not to solve traffic problems but to make money. We have long been told that parking restrictions must go hand in hand with the development of off-street parking at reasonable prices—but in London the Government is clamping down on parking without offering an alternative and getting away with it. The compounds where the police keep the cars they drive away at £2 a time are open and doing a boom trade,

but the Pink Zone car parks have been closed.

Now it would be easy to raise capital for off-street parking on the security of the meter revenue or by making available a tiny fraction of the £1½ million a day which motor users pay in special taxes. Yet Mr. Hay blandly tells us that even the tiniest Government support for off-street parking places would be an unfair burden on the general taxpayer.

It is true that, for the moment, some of the cash derived from parking meters is nominally reserved for the construction of off-street parking places. But nothing is actually being constructed, and if the construction can be delayed long enough the Government of the day would be quite capable of diverting the money into the general revenue, as was done with the Road Fund. Isn't it enough to make anybody suspicious when the Transport Ministry wants to force parking meters on a town that has found a way of clearing the streets for moving traffic at prices everyone can afford?

I am sorry to be so political this week, but there is another mystery to study. It concerns safety belts, whose manufacturers show signs of convincing themselves too easily that their private interests coincide with the public good. It reminds me of the taxi owners who feel that the traffic problem can only be solved by excluding private cars from city centres, and the driving schools which (though they some-

times employ instructors of awesome incompetence) try to persuade us that all new drivers should be forced to learn at a driving school. Now comes an international association, formed with a membership of one British belt manufacturer, which immediately sends telegrams to public authorities throughout Europe demanding that safety harness be made compulsory forthwith. Fast work! Too fast.

There is plenty of evidence to show that some kinds of safety harness reduce the risk of injury in an accident, but there are also wildly exaggerated estimates of the possible reduction in casualties concocted by one of the safety organizations. The figures quoted could not be achieved even if everyone used a safety harness tomorrow, and what makes it worse is that Mr. Marples has uncritically repeated them.

Why all this hurry to persuade the public that they must put up with another compulsory infliction? The facts are by no means so one-sided as the propagandists make out. There was an investigation carried out by the Consumers' Advisory Council of the British Standards Institution and published in *Shopper's Guide*. They tested a dozen devices: six harnesses, four hip belts, one diagonal cross strap and "a curious assembly of elastic cord and a dress hook." *Four out of 12 failed* the vital tests in the British standard (designed to ensure that the assembly will withstand a force of 4,000 lb. and that the buckles and other metal parts will not rust). The buckle of one belt fractured under a load of only 300 lb. One harness and one belt failed the strength test at 3,100 and 2,600 lb. "though both had been approved by the British Safety Council."

Yet even the independent and objective analysts of *Shopper's Guide* fell for the phoney estimates on the casualties that might be saved by using safety belts.

I have recently heard of two fatal accidents involving women wearing the diagonal type of safety harness. One, in Germany, died instantly from internal injuries. The other, in England, was at first thought to be uninjured, but died four days later following a major operation. It may be that they would have been killed if they had not been wearing safety belts. But in the present state of the art it is the business of the harness manufacturers to develop the product, see that it complies with existing B.S.I. specifications on strength and durability; get the price down and make available accurate data on which we can judge their effectiveness. Meanwhile, let there be no more nonsense about having the law on us to make them compulsory.

# *Other People's Babies*

CAROLINE ANN (nine months), daughter of the Hon. James and Lady Sarah Cecil, seen here with her mother during a recent visit to England. Lady Sarah is the daughter of Earl Cadogan and of Primrose Countess Cadogan. She and her husband, Lord Rockley's heir, are at present living in Montreal, Canada, but expect to make their home over here soon

BARRY SWAEBE





## Engagements

**Miss Mary Faith Mason to Mr. James Alastair Cameron Munro.** *She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. C. Mason, of The Townsend House, Dilwyn, Hereford. He is the son of the late Mr. A. C. Munro and of Mrs. Munro, of Rose Vale, Hoddesdon*



VANDYK

**Miss R. A. L. Hesmondhalgh to Mr. B. Janson-Smith.** *She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hesmondhalgh, of East Grimstead Farm, Salisbury. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Janson-Smith, of Bournemouth*



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**Comtesse Claudine de Montjoye-Vaufrey et de la Roche to Viscount Encombe.** *She is the youngest daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Montjoye-Vaufrey et de la Roche of Vienna. He is the elder son of the Earl & Countess of Eldon, of Rackenford Manor, near Tiverton, Devon*



GEIGER

**Neame—Tong:** Judith, daughter of Capt. D. M. L. Neame, R.N., & Mrs. Neame, of Blackford, Somerset, was married to William, son of Mr. & Mrs. William Tong, of Prestbury, Cheshire, at St. George's, Hanover Sq. Bridesmaids: Miss Rosemary Neame, Julia Cooper, the Hon. Bridget Stuart, Barbara Dalrymple, Elizabeth Higham, Ann Livesey, Henrietta Sweeting. Best man: Mr. Michael Collins

TOM HUSTLER

## Wedding



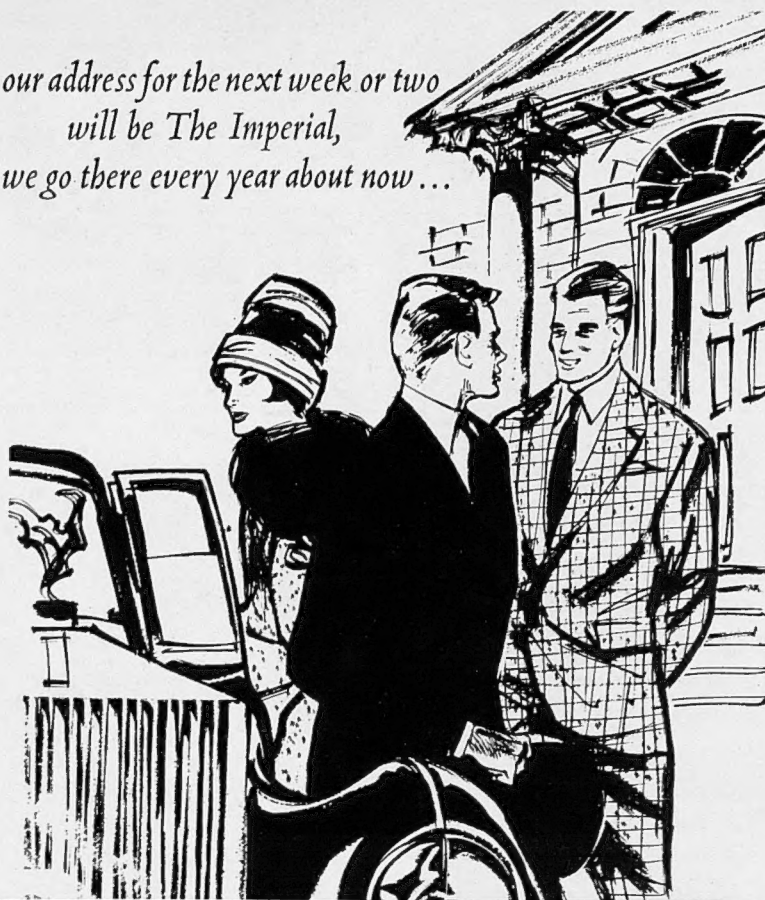
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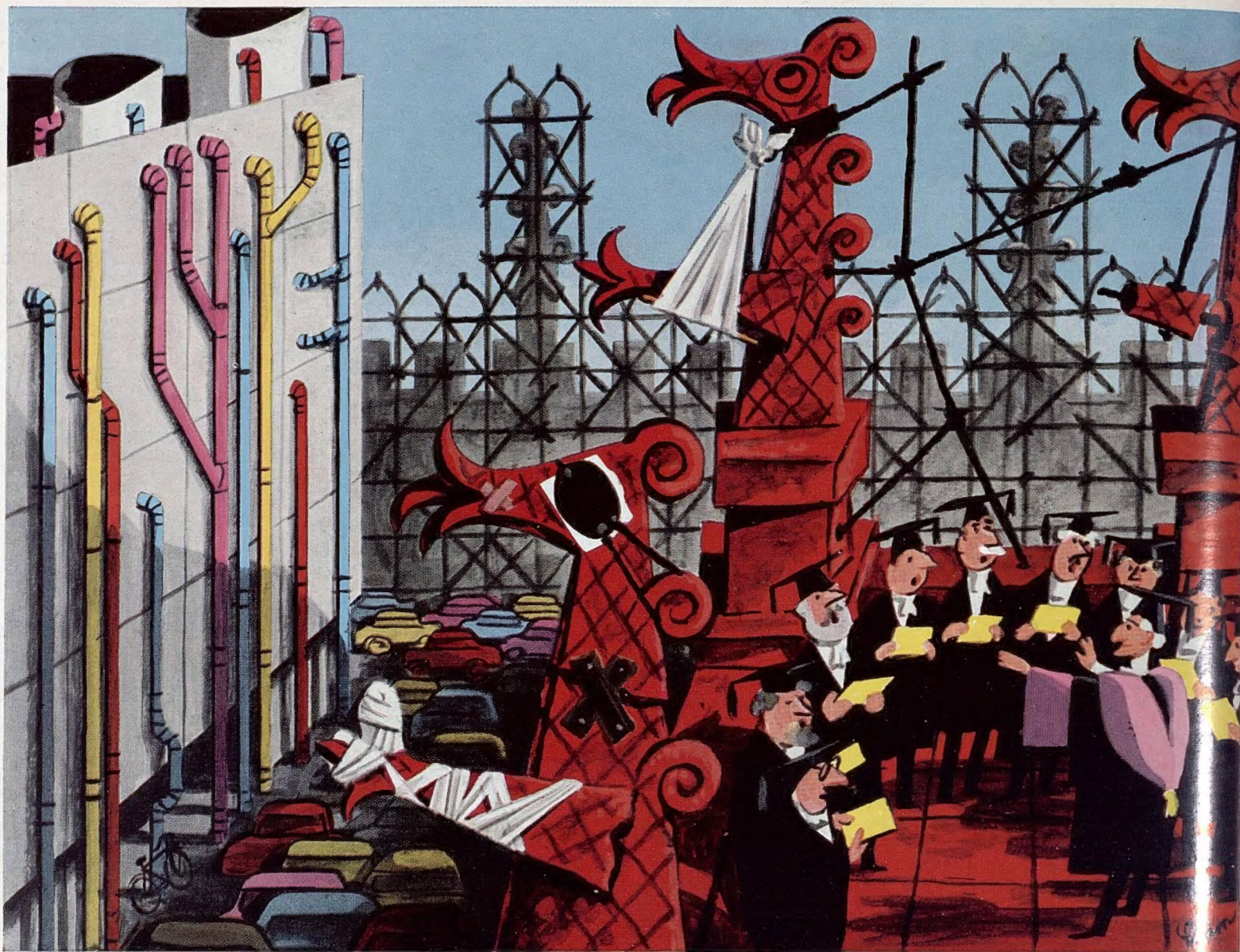
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"OLDBRICK, fair Suckler of my Youth..." Who said this, of Schweppshire's University town? Oldbrick lies at the heart of what is now a thriving industrial centre, and if there are few angles from which a general impression can be gained, a good telescopic photograph such as this is perfectly possible from the radar station on Bore's Hill. Notice that Oldbrick has its traffic problem, especially where Corny and Squeeze debouch onto the High (sometimes affectionately known as the Positively Stinking). But above the old colleges display the charm of the local stone, which weathers so effectively that it does not always actually stand up—the famous façades of 'The Sides' are now permanently supported by scaffolding, though this is of a Gothic type. The problem of the new science block of All Keys (pronounced Caius) College of Explanation (an I.C.Y. Group foundation) has been solved by a building in Extravert Waterpipe, beautifully re-interpreting, in contemporary terms, the gargoyle theme of the deflection of running water.

The camera caught the tower of Old Cyril on a morning in May Week (really June) when, pleasing link, the carols are sung by the last living choristers of an ancestral University, not, now, at dawn, but after elevenses. Famous in Oldbrick literature is its river, never quite wide enough for rowing, but always preserving its bank, traditionally set aside for those who, by a system of tests, are allowed to walk about in rowing clothes.

*Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him*